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"WILL SHE VOTE?" See page 614.

OLIVE RAYMOND'S STORY.

WHEN my sister Lily was between fifteen and sixteen, she grew pale and thin, and our father, whose pet and darling she had always been, insisted, in spite of Lily's alternate pouting and coaxing, on seeking medical advice for her. The advice proved not very disagreeable.

"There is nothing seriously amiss with your daughter, Mr. Raymond," said the kind physician to my anxious father; "she has outgrown her strength a little, and perhaps has been overtaken a little at school. Give her a holiday—here we are in the middle of February, the skies looking like December, and the streets all snow and ice—take her down to Georgia or Florida, where the birds and flowers are making it summer, whatever the calendar may say of the season. Let her run about all day in the open air, and you will bring her back in May, less of a Lily, and more of a rose, than she is now."

This was said in Lily's presence, and the pleased look she gave my father would have determined him to accept the doctor's plan, even had it been very difficult to accomplish. Difficult it was not to him, for, though he had begun life as a poor blacksmith, he was now a rich iron-master, able to command both money and leisure. He had even won some political influence by inducing the men he employed to vote with him in closely-contested elections, where the votes of a hundred men did much toward determining the question. That he had achieved all this by his honest industry was a subject of legitimate pride to my father; but he had another source of pride, less understood by the world around him, and less compatible, seemingly, with his life's history, yet felt no less deeply, and influencing him no less powerfully. This was pride of blood. Often have I heard him say, "Men think much of blood in their horses and their cattle; it tells no less in man. I never forgot that, poor as my father was, he was an educated gentleman; and I often said to myself, when I was working for my daily bread, I am neither squire nor belted knight, as some of my forefathers were, but I will do my work with as brave a heart, and as trusty an arm, as the best of them could boast."

My mother had been a poor teacher of music. My father was already a thriving mechanic, with money in the bank, when she came as a boarder to the decent but cheap house which had been his home for two years. She was pretty, delicate, and overworked. He first pitied, and then loved her. She died young, leaving only Lily and myself of all her children. I was her first, Lily her last; the others died in infancy. I have little to say of myself, except that I was eight years older than Lily, and that, from the time of my mother's death, my father had taught me that she was my care, and I really think I lived more truly in Lily than in myself, and so I was as ready as my father to do what the doctor advised for her. Thus it happened that, when she was nearly sixteen, and I was twenty-four, we made that visit to the South of which I am about to tell you, and which you will find to have been the fruitful source of both joy and sorrow.

It was all joy in the beginning. Never did poet's dream present a lovelier landscape in fairy-land than we found awaiting us under those Southern skies. And yet there were no mountains and valleys diversifying the scene—no rapid, rushing cataracts, no tranquil lakes, sleeping in pictured beauty under the noon-day beam. What, then, was the charm, you may ask. It was the soft sky, the gentle breezes which just swayed the green woodland, and the flowers which sprang everywhere under our feet, and hung in clustered beauty from tree-top and spreading branch, till we seemed to walk under a canopy as well as over a carpet of flowers. Think of passing, in three or four days, from the snows of winter into verdure and flowers, and the songs of birds, and the soft, perfumed air of summer! What could the fairies do for you more than this?

Our destination had been Savannah; but a letter from one of my father's political friends had procured for us an urgent invitation to make a visit to a family residing in the country.

Our hospitable entertainer, Mr. Forrester, resided on a plantation which had belonged to his family for more than a hundred years, during which successive generations had added to the extent, convenience, and elegance of the home endeared by many tender and hallowed memories. It was a rambling mansion, that always suggested the idea of having grown up to the requirements of its owners, rather than having been built in accordance with the design of an architect. But I must not pause upon the outer aspect of this lovely and happy

home. Lovely as this was, its chief charm was within—in the cultivation of mind, the grace of manner, and the warm, generous, loving hearts of its inhabitants. How many bright pictures memory recalls of those happy weeks—of rambles through the woods in search of some rare specimen of the Southern Flora for my herbarium; of boatings along the river-banks, when the sunlight flickered down on us through the dancing leaves of overarching limes and oaks, or when, dropping low in the west, it made the woods seem all on fire with its glow; or, best of all, of chill evenings spent in Mr. Forrester's library, when the blaze of the resinous pine-wood played over the well-filled book-shelves, or flashed on the faces of the portraits that hung above the mantel-shelf, startling the gazer with a momentary appearance of life and motion! There was a quietude, a seeming steadfastness, about this place and the life associated with it, which charmed me greatly, and which, perhaps, impressed me all the more from its contrast with the ceaseless activity and ever-changeable kaleidoscope of our New-York life.

My father lacked the stately ease of Mr. Forrester, and the cultivation which a life of leisure had enabled him to attain; but, possessing a shrewd, intelligent mind, he had gathered much of interesting incident and character from his stirring life, and so could contribute his quota to the entertainment of our little circle. Gentle, lovely Mrs. Forrester, whatever might be the subject of conversation, gave it new interest by her quick intelligence, her playful wit, and womanly grace; and "the boys," as she called them, though one was eighteen and the other twenty-three, threw somewhat of the hopeful brightness and fearless confidence of their own untired natures over the graver and more cautious conclusions of their elders. For me, I observed and enjoyed, sunning myself in this atmosphere of summer warmth and quiet. I forgot that from such an atmosphere the storms are born. And Lily—she seemed to drink in new and fuller and healthier life at every pore. Her slender form acquired more womanly proportion, a richer carmine glowed on her cheeks and lips, and in her brown eyes there lurked a tenderer shadow. The child's careless, confiding look was softened and beautified by maidenly consciousness.

We had originally intended returning home the last week in April; but, by some means, Mrs. Forrester had learned that the twenty-eighth of April would be Lily's birthday, and she urged us most affectionately to give them the pleasure of celebrating it with us. My father consented, in consequence, to stay till the first of May.

All who were within visiting distance of the Forresters—and that meant all within ten miles—were invited to the birthday *fête*. Our amusements were to be archery and croquet parties, which began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and, in the evening, a dance. A collation was provided, of which the guests were to be invited to partake as they arrived; and the whole was to conclude with a magnificent supper. There were many consultations on the twenty-seventh, and I was scarcely surprised when, entering the library in the evening, in search of Philip Forrester, who was to help me to fasten around the pictures some wreaths I had been making, I found his elder brother, Elliot, in close conversation with his father. There was something, however, in the looks of the younger man, as well as the sudden silence on my entrance, which made me step back quickly.

"Pray, come back, Miss Raymond," cried Mr. Forrester, adding, with a smiling glance at his son as I returned, "Here is Elliot sadly in want of a confidante for a love-tale."

I thought that Elliot Forrester looked flushed and nervous; but, bowing slightly to me, he said quickly, "I will not offer Miss Raymond an apology for leaving her with you;" then, pausing for a moment at the door—"Can you tell me where your father is, Miss Raymond?"

Before I could answer, Philip entered, hammer in hand. Elliot immediately disappeared, and Mr. Forrester began to speak of the wreaths I held, in a manner that prevented any recurrence to what had just passed. Yet I did not forget it, and I found myself glancing with curious interest at Elliot Forrester when we gathered around the tea-table. He caught the glance, and replied to it with a frank smile—"frank, and yet with something in it that seemed to say, 'I shall not tell you my secret yet.'" My father, too, seemed to be more than usually excited. Indeed, nobody appeared to me quite natural. I even fancied that Lily was a little more constrained, a little more shy, than usual. When we went to our rooms, she was silent and sleepy, and, when I awoke the next morning, she was gone. As she did not generally rise so early, or make her toilet so quickly, my vague feeling

of something unusual being about to occur increased; and, stimulated by it, I, too, dressed rapidly, and descended to the lower story. All there was still and undisturbed, except by servants and dusters. To be rid of these, I wandered into the grounds. At first, my steps were aimless; but, after a while, I remembered a white rose-tree growing not far away, and, thinking how pretty its snowy buds would be among Lily's dark curls, I turned down the path that led to it. I had not gone far when I saw that others were before me—there stood Elliot Forrester, speaking earnestly; and, though his face was averted from me, I could read every ferried word he uttered in the agitated face of Lily. What a lovely picture she made, standing there among the roses! I drew near enough to see the quivering of the lashes that veiled eyes that I was sure were swimming in tears, and the smiles that trembled on her lips—smiles that might as well have been tears; then I turned, and went quietly and slowly back to the house and to my room, there to strive to familiarize myself with the thought that my Lily, my flower, my nursing, was to be mine no more, was to gladden another heart, and to make another home beautiful.

I should like to tell you how my Lily, the child-woman, the sixteen-years-old maiden, met me next—of the consciousness that was half shame and half pride. But Coleridge has described it far better than I can:

"She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed into my face.

"'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart."

But I must hasten on, for my space is limited, and I have much yet to tell.

My father, in permitting Lily's engagement, had declared that nothing would make him consent to her marriage till after her eighteenth birthday. All the Forresters remonstrated against this,—all, except Elliot, who seemed afraid to trust himself to speak; so, at least, I interpreted the flush that rose to his brow, the compression of his lips, and the almost stern fixedness of the gaze he turned to my father, who met the mingled reproaches and entreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Forrester with a decision none the less firm because it was playfully expressed. During this little scene, Lily had stood near the table in the centre of the library, with downcast face, and fingers nervously engaged in picking the petals, one by one, from a lovely rose which she had snatched from a vase before her. Suddenly, Elliot placed himself beside her, and, taking her hand, said, "You hear, Lily, two years must pass before your father will give you into my keeping; but you are none the less mine—you have given yourself to me, and that with your father's consent. Is it not so, Mr. Raymond?"

"Just so, Lily is yours with her own consent and mine—but you must leave her to Olive and me for another two years."

"Yes, Mr. Raymond, leave her; but leave her as my treasure—my promised wife—nay, my true wife in the sight of Heaven; you consent to this, Lily? Speak, dear one, if you are mine, say it!"

He spoke passionately. Lily lifted her eyes till they looked into his, and speaking slowly, distinctly, and with an emphasis which seemed to put a heart-beat in every word, said, "Yours, Elliot, now and forever in spirit, and to be yours wholly, on the day my father has himself appointed—my eighteenth birthday."

What new power had dawned in the child! My father and I looked at each other with surprise—Mrs. Forrester smiled on Lily through gleaming tears—and the passionate flush faded from Elliot's brow as he looked into the calm eyes of his betrothed. He touched her forehead with his lips, gently, almost reverently, and led her to the carriage which was waiting for us.

"Remember, Elliot," said my father, as he shook young Forrester's hand at parting, "I forbid neither correspondence nor visits. I shall be glad to see you all."

"You shall see me in the fall, sir, if I live."

And so we parted. Again we were in New York, in its whirl of busy life. The past three or four months might have seemed a dream, but for the letters which made so large a part of our Lily's life, and for an airy dreamy happiness which sometimes stole over her as she sat with book or work lying neglected on her lap, where it had fallen from unconscious fingers, while her eyes looked straight before her, as

if she saw there pictures of the future, lengthening out in blissful perspective.

Elliot Forrester paid his promised visit in the autumn. He and my father talked much of public affairs. They belonged to the same political party, and were both at that time much interested for the success of Breckinridge; yet, I fancied I could occasionally detect a tone in their conversation which, if prolonged, would have terminated in a discord. Ere another spring dawned, the discord had come indeed, affrighting with its jarring notes not a single family, but a nation. My humble efforts are confined, however, to depicting its effects on two hearts and lives. It has been said that the bitterest enmity is ever found between those separated by the narrowest lines. My father, who had been the readiest to concede all her demands to the South before the fall of Sumter, would not hear of compromise after that event.

"Do you think Elliot Forrester can be in the Southern army?" I asked one day, when weeks had passed without any intelligence of him reaching us.

"I cannot tell; but, if he is, I hope he will never again darken my threshold. Nothing shall tempt me to take a rebel by the hand. I am glad you are there to hear me, Lily."

Lily had entered while he was speaking, and stood still to listen. She turned very pale as he spoke to her, but I saw her look steadily on the sapphire with its sparkling diamond circlet which Elliot Forrester had placed on her finger, as she said softly, "I shall be sorry, father, to have you and Elliot at variance."

The words seemed so simple, so childlike, that my father smiled and walked away, thinking, doubtless, that there would be little difficulty in separating those united by no legal tie. I did not so read my Lily, and my heart sank with the apprehension of coming sorrow.

The weary weeks and months rolled on till a year had passed, and Lily's eighteenth birthday had arrived. My father had wished to celebrate it by a ball, but Lily had protested against this so urgently that it had been sullenly relinquished—I say sullenly—for my father was evidently beginning to feel that there was antagonism between Lily and him, and, having been disappointed in his proposed birthday fête, he seemed utterly to ignore the day, making no allusion to it even in his good-morning to Lily when it arrived. My heart was sore for her as I saw her linger beside him till tears rose to her eyes, and her lip quivered, then turn silently away. Remembering what that day was to have been to Lily, I felt a yearning tenderness to her that would not permit me to leave her. My father left us as usual after breakfast, and Lily and I were sitting together in our own little room, to which only a few intimate friends had the *entrée*, when the door was opened cautiously and a gentleman entered, who closed it carefully before he turned his face toward us. Even then, the bronzed face and heavy beard so disguised him, that until I heard his tenderly spoken "Lily," and saw my sister spring into his extended arms, I did not recognize Elliot Forrester. I must not linger on the scene that followed; I cannot spare time even for recounting the ingenious devices and hair-breadth escapes through which Elliot Forrester had made his way to New York under an assumed name. He had been compelled to make a long detour to the West, and had met with so many vexatious delays, that he was a week later in arriving than he had expected to be.

"But I am in time, my darling; this, you know, is our wedding-day—you have not forgotten it, Lily," he exclaimed, as he saw her look of surprise.

"Forgotten! no, indeed, Elliot; but why remember what cannot now be?"

"And why not?"

"Because my father will never consent, Elliot, at least, never while this war continues."

"But he has consented, Lily, I have waited his own time—your eighteenth birthday is here—and, by his own words spoken in the presence of witnesses, you are mine."

Lily looked wistfully at me, as she said, "If only it could be."

"But how can it be?" I rather answered to the look than question.

"How?" exclaimed Elliot, impatiently. "Where is the difficulty? Do you think I have no friends in this city, do you think there are none here who see the justice of our cause, and believe in our success? One of these I saw last night. He has undertaken every thing, for he knows where to find the right magistrate and

the right clergyman; I am expecting him every moment, to tell me that the license has been obtained, and the hour appointed. When all this is done, will you fail me, Lily? Shall I have risked life—"

"I will never fail you, Elliot. I am yours now and ever—"

"But, Lily," I began, "my father—"

"Olive, my father gave me to Elliot two years ago, and Elliot has done nothing to forfeit his confidence or my love."

"My darling! God helping me, you shall never repent this hour. And Olive will be our friend," he added, holding out his hand to me. "Only hear my plan," he continued, as he saw me about to speak. "I would not for more than my life expose our darling to one moment's peril. I have come only to fulfil the promise made two years ago—to make Lily my wife—and then to leave her in the safe shelter of her home—"

A cry from Lily interrupted him.

"To leave me, Elliot!" she exclaimed; "is not a wife's place at her husband's side?"

"Not when her presence would unnerve him, Lily, and make his duties harder."

"And would my presence do this for you, Elliot?"

"It would, my own, while I am in the midst of all that makes war frightful; but soon peace will come—we ask only justice, and the people here are becoming more sober—justice will be done—we shall all be friends soon, and your father will not like me the less for having run some risk to secure my treasure."

"But in the mean time, you—Oh! Elliot! how can I live here and know that you—it is impossible—oh, take me with you!"

To do this was clearly impossible, and even our petted Lily must yield to the inevitable. All was arranged as Elliot Forrester desired. At one o'clock that 28th of April, Lily and I went to the house of the clergyman whose services had been engaged. There Elliot and his friend met us, and, before the clock struck two, all had been done that man could do to bind together two lives which only that morning I had feared were severed forever.

The next few hours seemed then, and have seemed ever since, like a dream. Elliot Forrester accompanied us home. He was to leave us at four o'clock, and, when the clock chimed the half-hour after three, I saw Lily turn pale, and look wistfully at her young husband, who rose and moved restlessly about the room. I felt my presence must be a restraint on their last words, and went into the adjoining room, through which Elliot must pass in leaving the house. I watched the slow-moving hands, determined to insist, if necessary, on his departure at four, anxious above all things that my father should not find him there. But, punctually as the little bell chimed four, the door opened, and Elliot Forrester and Lily entered. The arm he had thrown around her was necessary for her support, as was evident from her trembling, and from the ghastly whiteness of her face, yet she tried to smile as she met the eyes which seemed as if they could not turn away from her; but the smile was more painful than tears would have been, and something like a sob burst from him as he clasped her close and kissed her passionately once and again; then putting her into my arms, he said, hurriedly, "Take care of her, Olive; and God bless you." The next moment the street-door slammed behind him. He was gone.

Oh! the weary months that followed, and the weary questionings with myself which came to no conclusion. "Was I right? Was I wrong? How could I have resisted them? How could I have deceived my father? And what was I to do now?" Such was the round of thought, travelling in a circle, which wasted my life away. Had I alone been concerned, I should have fallen at my father's feet and confessed all, the first time he smiled on me. Sometimes I hoped that Lily would speak; but no thought of having done wrong seemed ever to enter her mind; she had only fulfilled a compact made with her father's sanction, and now she was obeying her husband, in keeping their marriage secret for a time. She had enough to suffer, poor child! without the pangs of conscience. One letter she received by a returned prisoner, to whom Elliot had shown kindness, informing her of his safe arrival within the Confederate lines, and then followed that dead silence in which Imagination is left undisturbed, to weave her own torturing visions. The slow days grew into weeks, and months, and years, and Lily watched and waited, but no tidings came. So wan and wistful grew her looks as time passed on, that my father, whom dissatisfaction with her refusal of several very eligible offers had rendered stern and hard, softened to her, and one evening, as he

bade her good-night, he drew her to him and kissed her with all his old tenderness. Lily dropped her head on his shoulder and wept, overcome by the unexpected caress, then, looking up suddenly, she said in pleading tones, "Dear papa, your poor Lily is so weary of waiting—do find out for me where he is—only that," she continued, clinging to him as he would have moved impatiently away—"just to know where he is."

My father grew hard again; I saw it in the cold, steely glitter of his eye, before he spoke. When he did it was to say, "Be silent, girl! I will not hear you dishonor yourself by naming one who is a rebel to his country and a traitor to you. Why did he not claim you on your eighteenth birthday, if he cared for you? A true-hearted, honorable, brave man would have let nothing stand in his way; but he—"

I had seen Lily's cheek flushing and her eye brightening, nor was I surprised when, drawing herself up proudly, she said, "You are right, it was the act of a true-hearted, honorable, and brave man, and he did it. I am his wife; his, ever since my eighteenth birthday. If you do not believe me," she added, "ask Olive."

My father turned to me with a reproachful glance, which made me cover my face with my hands.

"Olive, is this true?" he asked, after a silence which was to me more terrible than words.

"Oh, papa! How could I help it?"

"Go!" he said, waving us from him as he spoke, and turning to ascend the stairs to his own room; "I have no children."

Lily stood still, she had not forgiven the insult to Elliot Forrester of my father's words—but I sprang after him, pleading for forgiveness. I clung to him, following him to his room, and, before we parted, he knew all, all my doubtings and questionings, as well as all my fault, and I wrung from him the cold "I forgive you, Olive;" but, when I would have pleaded for Lily, he silenced me with, "She is no daughter of mine—let her go to the rebel whom she calls husband."

Lily's room was within mine. I tried the door, but found it fastened within. I called, and was answered with "Good-night, Olive; I am sleepy."

Before I had left my room the next morning, her door opened, and Lily came out wearing her hat and cloak, and said hurriedly, as she passed through my room, "I shall not be back to breakfast, Olive;" then, as I would have detained her, "I cannot stop to talk, I am in haste."

My father did not ask for her, but ate his breakfast in almost unbroken silence, and hurried away. When Lily returned, it was still early. I was watching for her, and opened the door before she came. "Come in, darling," I cried, "and get your breakfast, I have kept it hot for you."

I was so glad to do something for the poor child, who looked faded and excited. She followed me without a word into the breakfast-room, and, when I had placed the breakfast before her, drank the cup of coffee; then she looked suddenly up, and said abruptly, "Olive, I am going."

"Going, Lily, where?"

"To Elliot—to my husband—it is no use to oppose me, Olive, I know all the difficulties; but I heard what my father said last night, and I know what Elliot would wish me to do."

"But, dear Lily, be reasonable; you do not even know where Elliot is."

"I will know soon, do not think I act without advice. Elliot left with me money for any emergency, and the names of friends here and elsewhere, who would take care of me and give me what help I needed."

"And where are you going first, Lily?"

"I would rather not tell you, Olive, it would make you unhappy to keep a secret from my father—I will never ask you to do it again—and, although he thought, last night, that I had better go to my rebel husband, he may change his mind."

"Oh! Lily, you will not leave me so! you cannot—think of it—I shall I never hear from you again?—are we to be dead to each other?—will you kill me, Lily?"

I stood before her, and held her hands in a firm clasp, from which she strove in vain to free herself.

"Olive, I must go, do not try to keep me."

With a strong effort she broke away, and hastened to the door, but, looking back and seeing me standing with outstretched, en-

treating arms, too faint to follow her, she sprang back, clasped me close, kissed me again and again, called me her "good Olive—her sister—her mother—the dearest thing on earth, except Elliot"—and promised to write me soon and often. In a half-hour from this time she was gone, taking with her only a small trunk of clothing. All my father's expensive presents of jewelry were left behind, but a little locket and a fine gold chain, which had been Christmas presents from me, were taken. I sent a note to my father as soon as Lily was gone, but he was absent from his place of business, and did not hear of her going till we met in the evening. He turned pale, and leaned on the table beside him, as if needing support, on first understanding that she was actually gone; but this was only for a moment. Voice and face were both firm, as he answered, "She has made her bed, and she must lie in it." From this time he asked no questions. Had he done so, there is little I could have told him of Lily. One letter, without post-mark or date, I received about a week after she left, telling me she was safe with friends, and in correspondence with her husband; that I must love her, and believe all was well with her till I heard again. Then weeks passed. Afraid of losing a letter from her, I encouraged my father's wish to remain in the city late that summer, and we were still there when news came of the battle of Gettysburg. The city was jubilant, and my heart was full, almost to bursting, with dread. Elliot Forrester, where was he? and where was she who lived now only for him? I questioned, but, alas! no answer came. But the darkness passed, and light dawned at last!

Peace was declared, and soon after I received a few lines from Lily, dated from a small town in Virginia. She told me little of herself, except that she had been ever since our separation with a lady, a relative of the Forresters, who lived near Baltimore, and that she had joined her husband at the place from which she wrote on the cessation of war. What was to be their next step seemed yet undecided. Mr. Forrester's place in Georgia had been on the line of Sherman's march, and though the house had not been destroyed, it was in so dilapidated a condition that no one could live in it, except Philip Forrester and a few workmen, who were endeavoring to make it habitable for his father and mother. In this letter was enclosed a note from Lily to my father. He did not show me its contents, but his mouth assumed a rigidity as he read it, from which I augured ill. A few days after, he handed me a check for five hundred dollars, saying, "You may enclose that to Elliot Forrester's wife, and say, at the same time, that, when she left my house, she ceased to have any claim on me, but that, as I would not have her mother's child starve, I will send her a sum yearly. Her gentleman husband will have to sink his dignity and do the rest. Let him show his good blood now by working, rather than depend on another."

I declined conveying such a message, and my father wrote him. A week after, he received the check, and with it, in Elliot Forrester's hand, these words: "Your daughter shall not starve while I live, and while I live, my wife cannot receive alms even from her father. She asked for your affection, not for your money, which she requests me to say is valueless without love."

Enclosed in this was a short but loving note of farewell from Lily to me. My father tried to be scornful over this note from Elliot Forrester; but I saw that it touched him, and that, even while it made him angry, he was better pleased with it than he would have been with a more submissive communication. Still he thought and said: "He can talk bravely, let us see what he will do when he comes to act."

It was not easy for us to see, for a cloud, through which came neither sight nor sound, seemed from this time to envelop Elliot Forrester and his wife. I think my father saw at last how, with my Lily, my life had gone out. I went with him wherever he desired; to Saratoga or Newport in summer, to city gayeties in winter; but I knew, by the expression I sometimes caught in his eyes as they rested on me, that the sad heart looked out through the cheerful mask I tried to wear. He grew very gentle to me. One day, however, I made him angry, by refusing an offer of marriage from John Melville, an acquaintance of my girlhood, whom I had missed when he went to China about twelve years before. He had now returned a rich man, and told me that he had loved me always, and that the hours of toil had been brightened by the hope that he might find me still Olive Raymond, and persuade me to become Olive Melville. He was a good man, and I had always liked him,

as I told my father, but I could not wake my heart to a new life, or carry the saddened old one into a good man's home.

"I see I lost both my children when Lily deserted me," said my father, and from that time an impalpable something interposed itself between him and me, and our home grew yet colder and sadder.

It must not be thought that I had not made any effort to hear from Lily. I had written to Elliot Forrester's mother, and had received from her a kind letter assuring me that Lily was well and happy, but that she was not with her. She added that both Elliot and Lily were averse to any communication of their present home and circumstances even to me. "When they become such," she wrote, "that Mr. Raymond cannot suspect them of desiring to excite his pity through your agency, they will write. Till they do so, it would be better for Lily, I think, that you should not know her address. Your writing to her would only awaken a contest between her duty to her husband and her tenderness to you." After that I was of course silent; and then my health gave way—not that I was ill, but I grew feeblier, and, if possible, stiller. I think John Melville, who had continued to visit me, as a friend, he said, first called my father's attention to this. When once it had been so called, no one could be more anxious, more attentive than my father was. He brought our good old doctor to see me, who recommended change in my case as he had done in Lily's.

"Where would you like best to go?" he asked me.

My cheeks burned with the consciousness of a little want of candor as I said, "To the Virginia Springs; I am so weary of Saratoga and Newport."

I do not know why I thought of Lily as in Virginia, except that her last letter had been sent from that State. My father, if he suspected my motive, did not betray his suspicion. "That will suit me well," he said, "I should like to look at some of the iron-mills in Western Virginia. I will leave you at the Springs, and take a light wagon across the country."

"Do not leave me; it is not the Springs I want, but travel, change—let me go with you."

And so it was arranged. We set off the last week in May. I shall say nothing of our journey; but only ask the reader to come with me on a June evening, when the western sun was reddening the forest, as in a light Rockaway, driven by a black boy whom my father had hired in Baltimore, because of his professed knowledge of the country, we were proceeding toward the village of K—, in West Virginia. We had occasionally caught glimpses of a column of black smoke rising above the wood at some point where it appeared less dense, and, just as a great bell clanged out from its iron throat a call to the hands to rest from their labors, we came in sight of one of those iron-mills which the neighborhood of coal-mines makes so frequent in this region of country.

Forth came the hands, looking, with their begrimed faces, like so many of Pluto's dusky ministers. My father had hoped to arrive in time to see the mill in operation this evening.

"The agent must be here, I suppose, and I can see him," he said, speaking more to himself than to me. "Drive slowly, boy."

It was well this order had been given, for at that moment our attention was attracted to a beautiful boy of about three years old, who, with shouts of pretended fear, but real delight, was running hither and thither, chased by one of the hands who was threatening to make an iron-worker of him, by rubbing his sooty hands over the pretty white kilt and jacket in which he was dressed. Intent only on escaping from this Cyclops, the boy, the moment after we saw him, ran directly under our horses' heads. In an instant, my father had pulled the horses back with irresistible force, and, with scarcely a breathing-interval of time, had sprung from the carriage, and raised the child in his arms, unhurt, though a little frightened, as we saw by the trembling lip and the little sob which the manly boy would not suffer to become a cry.

"What is your name, my little man?" asked my father, while I was brushing the dust from the white dress and golden curls.

"Amon' Fo'ester," was the answer, in a sweet, childish treble. My heart swelled, and with an irresistible impulse I caught the boy in my arms, and kissed him again and again.

"What does he say?" asked my father of the man who had been chasing him, and who had run up as my father raised him from the ground, but had not offered to touch him.

"Raymond Forrester, sir; he is the son of our manager."

"Papa, mamma!" shouted the boy, leaping from my arms at the risk of another fall, as a lady and gentleman emerged from the agent's office. The lady was dressed in a pretty light calico, fitting neatly to a tall, well-moulded form, whose graceful, easy movements gave her an air of refinement which jewels and brocade cannot always confer. The gentleman was habited with equal simplicity in light summer clothing, which contrasted strangely with his black curling beard and darkly-bronzed face. But for the child's revelation, we might for a moment have doubted who he was, so had the youthful proportions of Elliot Forrester expanded in this tall, broad-chested, powerful-looking man.

The reader will suppose, perhaps, that I rushed into Lily's arms; but not so—my whole being was absorbed in watching my father and Elliot Forrester, for I well knew that on their meeting now depended the future for us all. I saw Elliot Forrester's face flush, as he recognized us. Lily's eyes were on her child, and she never saw us till her father and her husband stood with clasped hands. Who moved first, none of us ever knew. It seemed simultaneously that the hands were outstretched, and that one exclaimed, "Let us forget all that is painful in the past," and the other, "Forgive me, Mr. Raymond; I have long felt that I wronged you in taking my promised wife from you by stealth. I should not have distrusted you; it was a cowardly act, I fear."

"And I was not generous, Elliot; but we will forgive each other. We have all been a little mad, perhaps; but we are sane now."

"And now," sobbed Lily, as she clasped one arm around my father's neck, and drew me close to her with the other, "there is peace at last; it was useless to talk of peace while there was war in so many hearts; but this is the true peace, and we will never, never, quarrel any more—will we, darling Olive?"

"Olive never quarrelled with anybody," said my father; "indeed, she made all who lived with her ashamed of quarrelling."

"Olive never did a wrong thing," exclaimed Lily, who, between laughing and crying, scarcely knew what she said.

"Oh, Lily, Lily, you forget that I, too, kept a secret from papa!"

"Which I made you do."

"I was the older, Lily, and should not have been led by you."

"Just as if you could help it—you were too good to say no to me."

"That was not goodness, Lily; it was weakness."

"I will not hear you abuse yourself. Elliot, take my side."

"I cannot, Lily," said Elliot, with a smile.

My father, who stood by, caressing his grandson, added, "Olive is right; we have all done wrong, and we will not stop to inquire who has done the most wrong, but forgive and forget, or remember the past only to make the future redeem it."

"Oh, if the whole country would do so!" cried Lily.

But the boy was growing impatient. "Are you my Aunt Olive?" he asked.

"Yes, darling."

"Then come and see my sister Olive; she's a beautiful sister, with black curls, just like papa's. Come."

"Olive, you look pale; I am afraid the walk will be long for you—it is about a mile."

"Then you had better drive," said my father, "and take Lily and the boy with you. I will walk with you"—to Elliot Forrester.

And so we went to a lovely cottage among the hills, in whose furnishing the most simple materials were arranged into forms of elegance, more charming to the eye than would have been the most gorgeous display of wealth without taste. Chintz-covered furniture, muslin curtains, and fresh flowers, made every room beautiful.

"We have worked hard for it," said Lily, looking with pardonable pride around her. "Elliot made couches and divans and ottomans from old boxes, and cut barrels into lounging-chairs, and a few cushions, for which our poultry-yard supplied the feathers, and the pretty chintzes, have done the rest."

The pretty cottage of the agent has become the charming mansion of the owner of the mill. To all Elliot Forrester's remonstrances against this, my father answered, "All I have will be yours and Olive's when I die; let me have the pleasure of seeing you enjoy it while I live." To me, he added, "He has himself to thank for it; I would never have given a dollar to him, if he had not shown his good blood by his good work."

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know that I now write

my name "Olive Melville." Mr. Melville and I spend our winters in New York, with my father; but we have a summer home near Lily and Elliot, and, having no children of our own, we are permitted to have their little Olive often with us, though Lily says I am spoiling her, as I did her mother.

WILL SHE VOTE?

TO peaceful altars of our homes

In scorn she points at last,

As lawless, now, she fiercely roams—

Change, the Iconoclast!

Through startled towns her banner floats,

Her vassals, oddly human,

Shrieking from amazonian throats:

"The Equal Rights of Woman!"

They hear affrighted, unto whom,

As high its volume swells,

Their Lares' and Penates' doom

That shriek triumphant tells.

For many an eager spirit yearns

To join the growing legions,

In purlieus of the pots and churns,

No less than loftier regions.

And will she vote? is met no more

With jest and scoff and sneer;

That which was fantasy before

Takes outlines firm and clear.

A weightier question stirs the time,

A gloomier thought perplexes,

While sorrier discords drown the chime

And harmony of sexes.

To some the future years unfold

Chaotic visions dire—

Sweet customs, beautiful and old,

Consumed in error's fire!

To others, the millennial plan

Reveals its dawning feature—

A woman for the Coming Man,

And man the lesser creature!

But wise are they who yet keep pure

What factious tongues disclaim—

Belief that God's just laws endure

Immutably the same;

That this wild creed shall surely pass,

Whoever its propounder,

And woman still continue as

Old Father Adam found her!

Walking amid no troublous fears

That throng the paths of men,

Wielding no editorial shears,

No keen polemic pen,

Daring no intellectual heights,

And neither sage nor preacher,

True womanhood has yet the "rights"

Fanatics cannot teach her.

What mission lovelier than to be

Home's angel, blithe and fair,

O thou in whose calm looks we see

A mother's holy care?

What grander purpose than to fill
Thy sacred sphere of duty,
And mould, with reverential skill,
Its ruggedness to beauty?

Chairwoman of thy romping pets,
What prouder rule than thine,
Whereon a heavenly sanction sets
Authority divine?
Thy cherub-congress well content
To recognize their Speaker,
What privilege of enfranchisement
More precious to the seeker?

O wrangling zealots, lift no hand
To harm these duteous lives—
True daughters of our native land,
Fond mothers, faithful wives!
Pass to your polls—and councils, too,
Of their sweet eyes unnoted,
And drop your votes, while only you,
Not Woman, shall have voted!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

ROYALTY IN MINIATURE.

"*Quel bon petit roi c'était là.
La / la !*"

BÉRANGER.

A WITTY French author informs us that when the few scattering inhabitants of the microscopic "principality of Monaco" rebelled against their prince in 1789, commissioners were sent by them to Paris, to propose an alliance with the French revolutionists, whereupon a treaty was effected, which treaty consisted of the two following articles:

"ART. I. There shall be peace and alliance between the French republic and the republic of Monaco.

"ART. II. The French republic is delighted to make the acquaintance of the republic of Monaco."

The perpetration of this "excellent jest" no doubt contributed greatly to the good-humor of the *révolutionnaires*; but, if they had looked a little nearer home, they might have seen another "separate sovereignty," in comparison with which the principality of Monaco, so much laughed at, would have appeared gigantic. This was the "kingdom of Yvetot," which for more than thirteen hundred years remained a marvel to everybody. There never was any thing like it before, and there has never been any thing like it since. It was a curiosity, a sort of ball within a ball, like a Chinese puzzle. Strange as the statement may appear, there existed in the heart of France, from the middle of the sixth century nearly to the end of the eighteenth, a regularly-organized *kingdom*, ruled by a *king*, whom France, England, and all the great powers recognized and respected—in one sense at least—which high and mighty kingdom, presided over by its suzerain, with his privy council, high-chamberlain, master of the hounds, master of ceremonies, and other dignitaries, consisted of an ordinary chateau, and what would be called in this country "a good farm."

This farm was called, as we have said, the "kingdom of Yvetot," and was situated near the present town of the same name in Normandy, between Havre-de-Grace and Rouen. The chateau, built, according to all accounts, some time in the sixth century, may still be standing. What is certain is, that here lived and reigned a long line of monarchs, whose will was supreme within the boundaries of the little domain; who paid no taxes of any description to the neighboring and surrounding kingdom of France, or to any other; who took part or did not take part in the various wars carried on by France, just as they fancied; and who were treated with, "as between crowned heads," by royalty elsewhere. It is not singular that this anomalous condition of things should have originated a number of jests at the expense of his majesty the King of Yvetot in every generation. Ac-

cordingly, we have all manner of caricatures, lampoons, pasquinades, and good-humored "flings," at their majesties in French prose and verse—the most noted and best known, doubtless, being Béranger's *Roi d'Yvetot*. In all these friendly—they are not unfriendly—caricatures, you see the same personage, a fat little royal personage, mounted on an ass, and followed by a dog, as fat and good-humored as himself, going from door to door on his domain, chatting familiarly with his peasant-subjects, chucking the maidens under their chins, patting the babies on the head, asking the news—who was married, or born, or dead—and never refusing the good glass of wine, proffered to this merry little king by his subjects. Then on his return the four stalwart members of his "body-guard," who have been working in the royal garden, drop their hoes, hastily don their uniforms, and salute this jolly monarch as he arrives upon his donkey; the four seamstresses or housemaids, daughters of his tenants, and ladies of the bedchamber, usher him to his queen; he dines *en famille*, waited on by the one footman who is lord high-chamberlain; and at night he puts on, instead of a crown, an excellent and comfortable—nightcap!

Such is the picture, half traditional, half historic, of the King of Yvetot. It is altogether comic, as the reader will perceive; but under the humorous caricature there appears to have been a solid substratum of fact. This seems to have amounted to what follows:

The first Seigneur of Yvetot was Vauthier, chamberlain to King Clotaire I. of France, son of Clovis and Clotilda. The chamberlain is represented to have been a man of great courage, intelligence, and devotion—qualities which made him a favorite with Clotaire; and the result was, that he stood in high favor with his majesty. Thence many heart-burnings on the part of the other courtiers; much jealousy of Lord Vauthier, as of one growing too powerful; eventually a conspiracy to ruin him with Clotaire the Long-haired. This conspiracy, long ripening, came at last to a head—Clotaire's mind was artfully poisoned—Vauthier no longer found favor in the eyes of his lord the king—and finally the conspirators succeeded in filling Clotaire with enormous rage against him—on what grounds the authorities do not say. These were not important, however. Vauthier was absent, and the conspirators had it all their own way. They clearly demonstrated that the chamberlain was a traitor; and as, in those days, kings were often their own "justicers," Clotaire publicly announced his intention to slay the *Sieur d'Yvetot* on sight. His majesty had put his own nephews to death, as personages interfering with his views; was known to be a man who stuck at nothing; and when a friend at court sent a messenger in haste to Vauthier at his chateau, informing him of the reception which awaited him from Clotaire, on his return, Vauthier wisely made up his mind not to expose his throat to the knife, or his brains to the royal axe, and hastened to put the Rhine and other broad streams between himself and King Clotaire.

For ten years, then, the Seigneur d'Yvetot remained abroad, hewing away with his sword at the barbarous Thuringians, enemies of the true faith. As Clotaire upheld the latter, Vauthier hoped that his "record" in these long years would restore him to favor with the king; so, pining no doubt for *la patrie*, and sick of exile, he determined to venture back, and throw himself upon the mercy of his sovereign. He did so, but not without taking excellent precautions. Clotaire was known to be a personage of most uncertain temper—fighting bravely against his enemies the Thuringians might or might not be sufficient to secure pardon for the culprit; therefore the prudent Vauthier first proceeded to Rome, where he made a friend of "Pope Agapet," and induced the pontiff to intrust him, in the character of envoy, with letters to King Clotaire, who would thus, under any circumstances, it was hoped, be entirely disarmed. Unfortunately, Vauthier did not estimate with sufficient correctness the highly "excitable" character of his sovereign. He travelled from Rome to Soissons, where Clotaire held his court; reached the city on Good Friday, at the moment when Clotaire was at the high altar of the great cathedral celebrating mass, in front of a veiled crucifix; threw himself upon his knees; presented the pope's letters; implored pardon in the name of Christ—and Clotaire, for reply, drew his sword, and severed the head of the unfortunate *Sieur d'Yvetot* from his body. Grinning, ghastly, and streaming with blood, the head rolled on the very steps of the altar.

Such was the unlucky result of Vauthier's return. Unlucky no less for Clotaire. He had committed sacrilege, and, when he cooled,

the full enormity of his guilt flashed upon him. The pope's letters, now read for the first time, did not lessen his remorse. They attested the entire innocence of our well-beloved son Vauthier, and around the unhappy Clotaire rose a chorus of clergy:

"Sacrilege! sacrilege! Your majesty has committed sacrilege!"

Thereat Clotaire grew pale, and his knees shook. What to do? Send an envoy to his holiness, suggested the clergy, and beg absolution; and Clotaire caught ardently at the suggestion. The envoy was dispatched; came to Rome; heard that the pope was dying, and hastened to his bedside, where Clotaire's prayer was set forth for the pontiff's action. The affair was embarrassing—the pope was dying. He did what men often do in a difficult matter; he compromised. "Clotaire," he said faintly, "could expect to receive pardon—only—" (here Pope Agapet began to cough painfully, and gasp for breath)—"only—when—he had given—the highest possible—satisfaction to the—heirs—of—" (here the coughing returned, became more violent, a convulsion shook the pontiff, and before he could finish the sentence he expired).

With the ambiguous dying words of Pope Agapet, the envoy returned to Clotaire; and for a long time the king pondered, with knit brows and troubled mind, on that phrase, "the highest possible satisfaction to the heirs of"—Vauthier. What was the "highest possible satisfaction?" At last he came to a decision upon the knotty point presented. There was, according to the opinion of people in the sixth century, no higher earthly satisfaction than that of being a royal personage; and the impetuous Clotaire, lashed by remorse, determined to make the Vauthiers royal. As the king ordered, so it was done. On a huge sheet of whitest parchment, decorated with seals and flourishes, and attested by the royal "mark," it was written that thenceforth, to the end of time, the seignior of Yvetot should be a kingdom, and the seigneurs thereof kings—owing allegiance to no one, coining their own money, levying their own taxes, issuing their sovereign decrees, making or not making war, as seemed to them best—in every acceptance of the word, and without reservation, *kings*.

Hence the Kings of Yvetot. The account we have given may appear romantic, but, whatever be the measure of faith attached to it, the existence of the "kingdom" is a matter of record.

Proof of this statement:

I. A decree of the Court of Exchequer of Normandy, of date 1392, mentions the King of Yvetot, and recognizes his royalty.

II. Letters patent granted by various Kings of France, in 1404, 1450, and 1464, acknowledge and confirm the sovereignty of the King of Yvetot.

III. In the same century, when Normandy was under English sway, Henry VI. claimed certain taxes and feudal duties from the King of Yvetot; the question was solemnly adjudged; and the decision given against the King of England, in favor of the King of Yvetot.

IV. A letter of Francis I., addressed to the Queen of Yvetot, is still in the French archives.

V. At the coronation of Marie de Medici, Henry IV. publicly rebuked his grand-chamberlain, for not assigning to the King of Yvetot a position suitable to his royal dignity.

"If we lose France," said the same jovial monarch, Henry IV., when he was retreating once, during the wars of the League, "we must take possession of the fair kingdom of Yvetot!"

Thus jest and earnest, fiction (doubtless) and fact, history and romance, mingle and are fused with each other here. The reader will regard the whole subject in the light which pleases him best—seriously, in the light of the charters, decrees, and letters patent referred to; or romantically, in the light of the Clotaire tradition; or humorously, in the light of the donkey, the fat dog, and the nightcap, of Béranger's *chanson*. The latter made the *bon roi d'Yvetot* popular forever, by hitting from behind him at other royal personages:

"Il n'agrandit point ses États
Fut un voleur commode,
Et, modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que le peuple qui l'enterra
Pleura.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,
La! la!"

This was written in 1815, and there were a large number of per-

sons, especially the French mothers, who had lost their boys by Napoleon's merciless conscriptions, who saw in the first lines a hit at the great emperor. With these political matters, however, we have nothing to do. Looking across the years to the small chateau d'Yvetot, what we see is a picture of "royalty in miniature," and an extremely fat and respectable line of monarchs, who appear to have had an amount of good sense not often found beneath kingly crowns. In fact, these rustic sovereigns appear to have been the most sensible men of history. They never declared war on anybody, never interfered or quarrelled with their neighbors, indulged in no heart-burnings, were rendered unhappy by no undue aspirations;—they simply lived at the old country-house of Yvetot, with their tenants around them, ate good dinners, drank good wine, rode out on successive generations of fat little donkeys, followed by fat little dogs, chatted with their subjects, slept in peace, with comfortable nightcaps drawn over their royal old ears, and were buried in the royal cemetery attached to the royal residence, examples to all kings in all time to come.

There never were any "parties" of any description in Yvetot, we are informed—no court intrigues, conspiracies, or intestine dissensions. The king kept his own seals, and his own royal purse in his own pantaloons pocket; and therefrom with his own hands disbursed to his civil list. The court is thus described: There were one bishop, one dean, and four canons—all parish curés; a senate and privy council composed of four judges—all notaries; besides which there were ladies of the bedchamber—tenants' daughters; four body-guards—gardeners; one chamberlain and herald—the footman; a master of the horse—the groom; a keeper of the woods and forests—baillif; others have been mentioned. We shall only add that the King of Yvetot could bring into the field, at twenty-four hours' notice, an army of one hundred and twenty royal troops, over whom the King of France had no more authority than he had over the army of the King of England, or the Emperor of Austria. These were never, however, called into the field. Their old matchlocks were quite rusty, and their uniforms moth-eaten. Nobody ever declared war on the good little Kings of Yvetot. They ate, drank, slept, rode out on their donkeys, smiled on the maidens, patted the heads of the babies, and went to their long homes, models of potentates, from the sixth century to the latter part of the eighteenth, when the last monarch of their ancient line ignominiously assumed no higher title at the court of Louis XVI. than *prince*—whereupon the Revolution followed, and, just when the "republic of Monaco" was born, swept him and his kingdom away; just punishment for thus abdicating his sacred royalty, which had "been in the family" for the respectable period of about thirteen centuries.

So it passed, this jolly little kingdom and its line of kings—small of stature, but the "real article," and respected accordingly. To-day, you look upon the whole matter as a jest, historic fact as it is. The railway from Havre to Rouen, through the department of Seine-Inférieure, traverses the town of Yvetot; the cars rattle, the smoke floats, the whistle screams; if the *bon petit roi*, on his little donkey, followed by his little dog, could witness that phenomenon, it is probable that king and donkey and dog would all roll in the nearest ditch, overcome with fright! But the fates spared them such a profanation of their royal authority—these worthy little kings of Fignyland. They are no more there, and never now move any more beneath the glimpses of the moon! The birds sing, the streams laugh, the clouds float over the ruins of the old chateau, as in other years. But the kings and kingdom of Yvetot have passed away like a dream!

SOMETHING ABOUT CUBA, ITS HISTORY, ITS CLIMATE, ITS PEOPLE.

I.

THE Island of Cuba in size is nearly equal to England proper (without the principality of Wales), being seven hundred and eighty miles in length, and about fifty-two miles in medial breadth, containing a superficial area of forty-three thousand five hundred square miles, being nearly equal in extent to all the other West India Islands united. Columbus supposed Cuba (at the time he visited the Isle of Pines, associated with Cuba) to be a continent, and it was so regarded until circumnavigated by Ocampo, in the year 1508.

In the early times of the settlement of the West India Islands, San Domingo was the most known, and received the largest share of at-

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View in the Sierra del Cobre, Cuba.

attention. Cuba attracted but little notice in Europe, until Cortez made it a base of operations, in his contemplated and consummated attack on Mexico. It will be perceived its first appreciation was for its military command of the surrounding coasts. Subsequently, in necessary imitation of Cortez, the Prince de Joinville concentrated his fleet at Havana, preparatory to his attack on Vera Cruz, and to Havana he returned after capturing San Juan de Ulloa.

The importance of Cuba does not therefore arise solely from its great productive wealth, nor from the demand its inhabitants make upon the productions of other peoples, but it is largely founded upon its admirable position in commanding the entrance to the Mexican Gulf, Havana being situated exactly where the carriers of commercial enterprises must cross each other's paths in their intercourse with Mexico and the Southern United States. It is a wonderful instance of the sagacity and statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson, that he should have written, nearly fifty years ago: "I candidly confess that I have ever

looked upon Cuba as the most interesting addition that can be made to our system of States, the possession of which (with Florida Point) would give us control over the Gulf of Mexico, and the countries and isthmus bordering it, and would fill up the measure of our political well-being."

Its importance, as the "key to the Gulf," will be still more perfectly understood, when we recollect that Cuba is ninety-five miles from the nearest point of Jamaica; fifty miles from Hayti; one hundred and twenty miles from the coast of Tobasco and Yucatan, in Mexico; and one hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Florida.

The Gulf of Mexico, almost an exact circle, has a shore line of nearly six thousand miles, and the outlet of this vast field of commerce is through a narrow passage running along the southern shore of Cuba, and within a few miles of her best harbors and fortifications. It is, therefore, certain, that whatever people hold Cuba, if they have at command the resources natural to the island, and the desire to do so,

they could make the commerce of the western world pay tribute, and embarrass our legitimate rule in the Gulf by treaties and assistance from European nations. And this has already been done, for, when the fleet of Sir Edward Packenham operated against New Orleans, and was compelled in a crippled state to retreat from the coast of Louisiana, it fled to Havana for succor, and, but for this place of refuge, never would have reached Jamaica, its original port of embarkation.

But we do not propose in our slight sketch to treat of the military and political characteristics of Cuba, we allude to them only incidentally, and pass on to such description of its scenery, agricultural resources, and the social life of its inhabitants, as the best authorities at our command and our personal observations will supply.

The past of Cuba is history, and, under any and all circumstances, soon a new and varied future must open upon her; and we have no doubt that the results will be advantageous to her best interests and true development. Up to this time, one of the most favored spots on the globe, abounding with great mineral, agricultural, and maritime resources, has been cramped in its natural growth as much as if it were the foot of a Chinese belle, yet, in spite of the bandages of every possible restriction, Cuba has surpassed any given portion of the world in what it has done, and in what it promises as the reward of labor—for, in accordance with her population, and in spite of her misgovernment, Cuba, to-day, presents a wonderful example of material prosperity. If these things be, with a parent government heartless and oppressive, and subjected to the consequent evils flowing therefrom, what will the "Queen of the Antilles" be, when her mountains, her valleys, and her beautiful and commodious harbors, are in the possession of even a comparatively free and untrammelled population, who will develop her vast natural wealth, and make it contribute to the happiness of the producer, instead of the pride and squanderings of an unsympathizing aristocracy?

The climate of Cuba, especially in the suburbs of Havana, is considered the most salubrious of any of the West India Islands, with the possible exception of Porto Rico. At Ubajay, fifteen miles from Havana, the thermometer in fair weather has gone down to zero. It is impossible to realize the fragrant delightfulness of early dawn, or the exquisitely-soft coolness of the evening, in this wonderful island of the tropical sea. After the intense heat of the day, the sea-breeze seems to refresh and strengthen the very spirit of life, the pulse beats fuller and clearer, producing sensations to be enjoyed, but never described. In the interior of the island there is a variety of temperatures, for the mountains favorably modify any intense heat. Thus Nature in many ways overcomes difficulties for the happiness of man, and thus it is, however hot the day may be in those southern latitudes, in the evening and the morning there prevail refreshing winds; while in the mountainous regions the deposition of dew is so plentiful at nightfall that it takes the place of copious showers in modifying the heat and preserving vegetation.

That out-door labor for every class of people is not impossible in Cuba, we know; for two-thirds of the population, including slaves and coolies, work the livelong day in the unqualified rays of the sun, and do this under its most trying circumstances. What would be the effect of labor in Cuba, supplied with proper clothing, wholesome food, a reasonable number of hours for work, and a comfortable lodging at night, is still to be tried.

In approaching Havana from the sea, a chain of undulating mountains runs from east to west, until lost in either horizon. On each hand, as you approach the harbor, the land is gently elevated, and covered with grassy, luxuriant vegetation. The signal-tower and light-house combined, which overtop the high walls of the defences, which immediately lie at the mouth of the harbor, is an object of great interest to the novice in sea trips, for, with the desire to get to land, is added the intense curiosity to see the sights of Havana. On the first occasion of our beholding the red-and-gold-slashed flag of Spain, the sun was rapidly sinking into the waves of the great Mexican Gulf, and we watched the flag and the sun with painful solicitude, for we knew that they would sink out of sight together, and we also knew that, if they did this before we reached the harbor, we should be obliged to remain at sea all night.

In our anxiety and impatience to make headway, it seemed to us as if the huge engine of the steamer had lost its propelling power. Passengers, in nervous crowds, stood upon the deck, and wished and hoped; but, alas! all our aspirations were bound to be disappointed, for sud-

denly, a light cloud of smoke ascended upon the clear atmosphere, the low but suggestive sound of a heavy, but distant piece of artillery echoed along the Cuban shore, and sun and flag disappeared together as simultaneously as if both were under the military discipline of the now dethroned Isabella.

At the same instant the engineer's bell of the steamer's engine gave a significant tap, and the huge machinery stopped its rapid motions as if exhausted, and the "skipper" announced that "we had to ride in the open sea until morning dawned."

The same rules that were established two centuries or more ago by the jealous Spaniard, to guard against the sudden invasion of freebooters, have continued in force against the peaceably-disposed passenger-ships of these modern times.

The atmosphere of Cuba, as everywhere within the tropics, is so unpolluted, so thin, so elastic, so serene, and, save by experience, so inconceivably transparent, that every star and planet in the heavens seemed to be boldly defined; you can see around and behind them; they actually stand out in the clear blue, while the heavenly constellations are more brilliant than in the temperate latitudes. In this night-watch we saw the north-star and the great polar bear skirting along the horizon. And there were constellations unknown to northern skies, with the myriads of stars forming the milky-way, making not a dim, just-perceived light, but absolutely flaming through eternal space. All this was some comfort to our disappointed feelings, and lessened somewhat the indignation we felt at the workings of the miserable policy and old fogeyism of the Spanish authorities.

"Couldn't our Government make a treaty that would break up this absurd rule, which might have been well enough for Drake and his myrmidons, but should not be enforced to the keeping of a peaceable merchant on the sea all night, in sight of a comfortable harbor?" said we at last to the captain.

"Don't think a treaty could be made," he replied, emphatically.

"Do you mean to say that the powerful United States, which could send a single iron-clad into that closed harbor of Havana yonder that would knock Morro Castle into splinters in a few moments, that such a Union, if it insisted upon it, could not have such abominable laws repealed?"

The ground swell, or some other kind of swell, was now making us sick, and consequently ill-natured, and this, too, in spite of the fine atmosphere, the starry constellations of the altar, the cross, and the River Eridanus.

"We mean to say," returned the captain, speaking with the authority of the quarter-deck, "we mean to say, that Spain will not alter her laws regarding the entrance and exit of her harbors, or in any other matter, unless forced to do so by the argument of war!"

Just at this moment, at the very spot where we knew was Morro Castle, we saw a column of smoke, which, in the clear atmosphere we have so much admired, rose like a signal from some savage chieftain's camp. This column grew taller and taller, and nearer and nearer, and finally began to stretch away toward the west.

"What's that?" said we to the captain, very much surprised at this evidence of life exhibited in what should have been, by Spanish orders, "a dead place."

"Why," said the captain promptly, "that smoke is from Liverpool coal, and, if you could see the fire it comes from, you'd find the boilers of a confederate blockade-runner that plies between a Texas port and Havana."

And, while we were looking and speculating, we saw, far away on our right, what might have been other signal smokes; long, straggling lines that crept and curled along the horizon, and then up into the midnight sky, like wounded serpents, and these were from other blockade-runners that were coming from the mouth of the Rio Grande, laden with cotton—then more valuable than gold—all of which contraband vessels, at night or by day, passed unchallenged into the harbor of Havana.

"I declare," said the captain, with some affected surprise, "the Cuban Spanish officials have been bribed to do this; but it won't pay to buy our way in; so, in sunshine or storm, breeze or hurricane, we must stay out here all night."

But morning came at last, bright, cheering, and early. It was hard to say when the stars melted away, or how the heavens were brighter because the sun was turning every thing into yellow and gold. Another booming sound officially informed the Cubans of the break of day, and the red flag again trembled over Morro Castle, and our

gallant steamer, as if refreshed from repose, now proudly and swiftly moved toward the entrance of the harbor.

In a few moments we were between the long lines of fortifications, introducing us to rock-bound shores, that for nearly three-quarters of a mile are not four hundred yards apart. No engineer could have arranged them more perfectly for defence or safety, and the natural effect could not be more picturesque.

On one side, the fortifications, hewn out of the dark-gray rock, were surmounted by parapets that bristled with artillery, and animated by the appearance of soldiers and sentinels in light uniforms, who were constantly moving about. On the opposite side and along the shore there spread out the city of Havana, not sombre, like London, nor white, like Paris, but partly-colored, like Damascus, and equally flaming and brilliant in the hot sun, the fronts of the houses, owing to some peculiar taste of the inhabitants, being frescoed with the brightest yellows, pinks, and azure blue, with the roofs red with tiles—the whole made more noticeable by contrasts with the deep coppery green of the overtowering palms, and other luxuriant tropical vegetation; in the harbor were innumerable gay-colored gondolas; the ships were anchored in the middle of the stream, being only allowed to communicate with the shore through the lighters and small sail-boats that everywhere meet your gaze—the whole effect giving a peculiar character, and a romantic life, unlike any other city in Europe or America.

Our vessel, under the guidance of the Spanish pilot, finally reached her berth in the middle of the harbor, and, before the heavy anchor was fairly embedded in the earth, the sail-boats came circling round us from the shore like so many huge albatrosses bent on prey.

A few years ago, passengers could not go ashore at Havana without passports, which, when fairly settled for, cost some five dollars in gold. But this is not so now, though occasionally an unlucky traveler hands this amount over to some one of the numerous officials—always in sight—just as a countryman, it is said, will sometimes, in New York City, give a "sharper" twenty-five cents for going into the City Hall Park. But you go ashore, of course, and possibly have a sail of a mile or more before you reach the common landing, which is opposite the principal gate of the river-front of the city. You look up, and see a coat-of-arms over the grand entrance, once familiar, when we used Spanish silver coin, prominent upon which were the pillars of Hercules. The first impression made upon an American is, that there is an enormous number of semi-military policemen. The ship was spotted with them the instant it arrived in the harbor, and in the city you find every alley, lane, street, wharf, and stair, guarded by them, many armed with a light musket, and all set off with a saffron-colored visage, contrasting strangely with a thin white linen coat, held together at the shoulders by immense yellow worsted epaulettes. But these guardians of the peace and safety of Havana, such as they are, are respectful to well-disposed strangers; their business is to look most exclusively after the native population.

The streets inside the walls, as a rule, run at right angles, and are very narrow; the best are badly paved, and undrained. The houses suggest that they have all at one time or another been used as fortifications, they have such an appearance of unnecessary strength, and are so covered over with heavy iron gratings. They are seldom more than two stories high, and, in the most populous streets, have awnings suspended across the highway, from ropes fastened to the heavy parapets that surmount every building; which arrangement is grateful, in securing you somewhat from the effects of the noonday sun.

Every thing, to an American and a stranger, is intensely odd and very interesting. If you are in the principal street, you find the stores small, and a casual display of goods apparently a secondary matter. You look up and down, and are surprised in not seeing a lady in sight—you catch the bright eyes of what you suppose to be one, peeping from behind some *jalousie*, but it is a suggestion, not a positive fact. The men you meet, if not of the military, are all dressed in white pantaloons, grass cloth jackets, and panama hats—they know you are a barbarian and a "filibuster" (synonymes for a citizen of the United States), from your thick clothing and self-conceited stare.

A woman at last—a stout one—dressed in black silk, queer-looking flat hat, no hoops on, great sash around the waist, and surprisingly large feet. You think you have always heard the Spanish women have small pedestals. You look again, and it is a portly priest; and as you see a great many of them afterward, you make no second mistake as to their sex or business.

Gradually growing self-possessed, you reach a street occupied wholly by private residences. You observe that the houses have no sashes to their windows, but, instead, heavy iron bars and gratings. Delicate lace curtains inside, and rich, heavy furniture, satisfy you they are not prisons. But their Moorish, oriental expression, gives them an intensely dull exterior. You think better of them when you discover a group of señoritas busily engaged in gossiping and smoking cigarettes. They let you stare at them without displaying the least annoyance—they rather like it, or they don't know it—you will never be able to tell which.

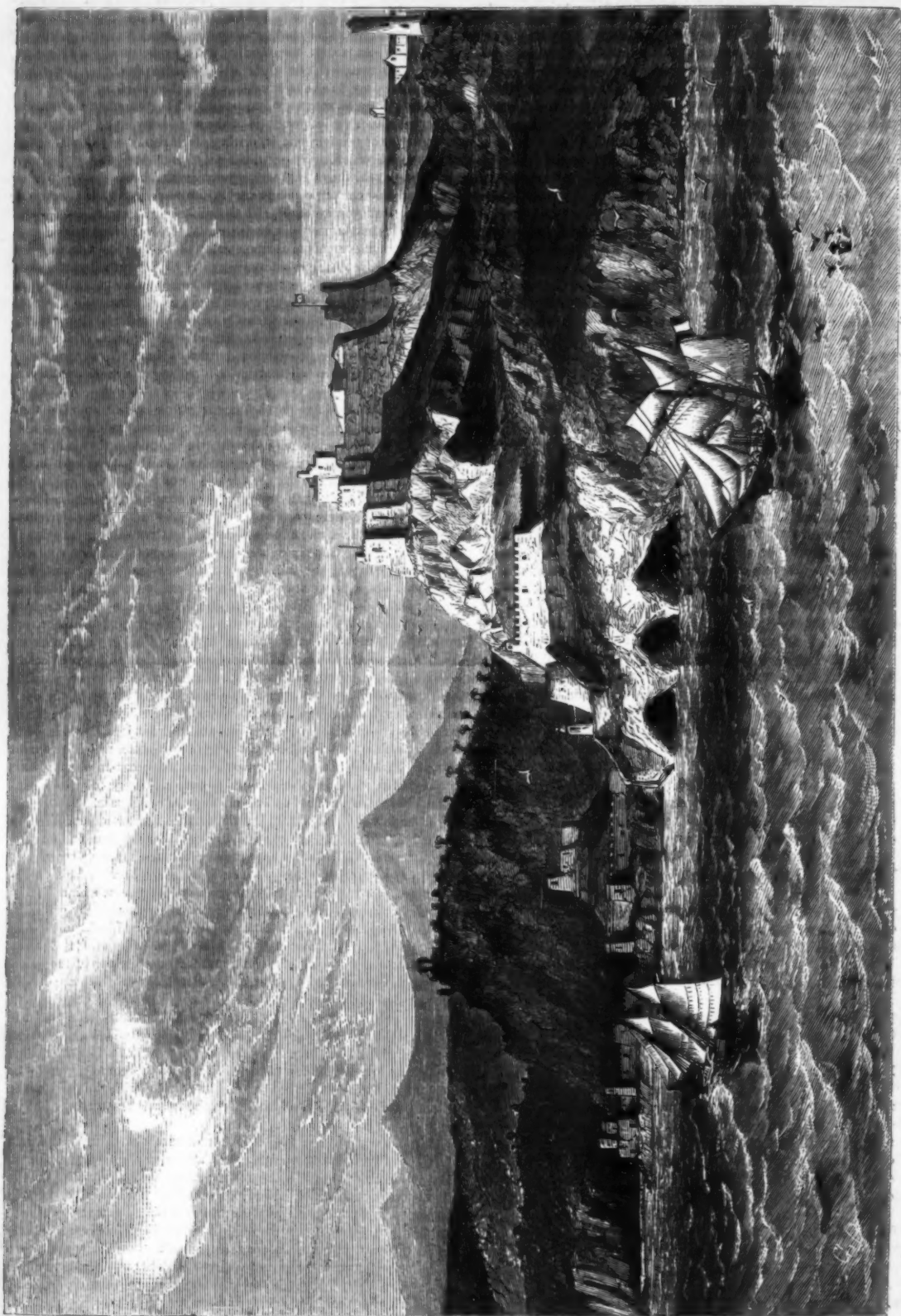
We have said the streets are very narrow, and here comes a cabriolet, or bullock cart, in common use in the country. It is the rudest wheeled vehicle you ever saw, and the animals drawing it have a wild, shaggy look, that is perfectly demoniac. The fellow driving is a first-class African slave, mounted upon a lot of old garden "truck" he has for sale. The African's dress consists of a pair of pantaloons, with a scarcity of cloth that would please an opera-dancer; his shirt is included in a well-worn suspender, else he has none. No covering for head or feet; but, slave as he is, he's a Spanish slave, or rather, according to his race, he insensibly imitates the manners of his superiors; and, mounted upon his moving throne, he puffs out the smoke of his cigarette with an air that no one but a grandee of Castile can surpass.

But, ho! the vehicle approaches, the wheels spread so wide that they travel in the gutters each side of the street, and the huge hub projects over the twenty-inch-in-width side-walk, more than half-way; we flatten ourselves against the dead wall, and just escape being brushed from the narrow walk into the street.

Until within a few years, to use an equivocal phrase, the hackney-coaches of Cuba were *volantes*. They are the most grotesque, illy-constructed vehicle, their uses considered, that can be imagined; where the fashion came from we have not learned. Their shape and appearance can only be fully realized by personal inspection. The wheels are about six feet in diameter, the shafts vary from fifteen to twenty feet in length. The sedan-chair for the passenger is placed on the shafts, a few feet in front of the wheels, and then a very small horse or mule is fastened to the shafts opposite. The propelling power is mounted by a negro, *à la postillon*. These fantastic vehicles are often of costly construction, mounted with silver, and adorned with every possible ornament to make them attractive. But within a few years the open carriage, common to New York and London, have become quite familiar in the streets of Havana, and are gradually, at least for strangers' use, displacing the old, queer, characteristic volante, which no doubt came into fashion by some law that prevented common people from riding in four-wheeled vehicles, this being a luxury only to be indulged in by the grantees and royal personages of Spain.

After due study of Cuban architecture, and after an examination of the best old residences, you find they are all built upon one unvarying plan, that of a hollow quadrangle; flat roofs are universal. A lofty portal opens to the entrance hall, which hall serves for a coach-house for the volante, and a store-room for things not immediately needed in the house. The interior court is surrounded by galleries, attached to which are the sitting, public, dining, and bed rooms, with the general staircase leading to the landings. The servants' rooms and kitchens occupy the first story, and frequently shops of the meanest appearance are seen opening on the street, above which are magnificent suites of apartments. The style suggests a dull grandeur, an antique and almost vandal character, which deeply impresses the stranger; but with all this barbaric magnificence which one sees occasionally exhibited, there is, apparently, a great deficiency of comfort and convenience. And any regularity of style seems never to be thought of, for, close beside an elegant arcade, with frescoed walls, stands a ruined, deserted old building, the very representative of hopeless desolation.

If you are permitted to visit the interior of these imposing dwellings, you will find that the principal apartments are barely, though sometimes richly, furnished. Among those less wealthy than the privileged orders, old-fashioned, high-backed chairs, covered with leather, and gilt nails, are great favorites; a table or two of the same style, with a hammock intersecting the room diagonally, and nearly touching the floor, complete the ordinary outfit. Bed-rooms seem to be located without much regard to privacy, and, in many, beds are never seen; their place is supplied by stretchers, or cots, and hammocks, which, when desirable, are folded up and put away during the day.



Morro Castle, at the entrance to Havana

The Cubans, unaffected by foreign ideas, live upon a few very simple dishes, and are satisfied with two meals a day. A great variety of food cannot be obtained. The celebrated "olla podrida," composed of fowls imported from the United States, with some beef, pork, onions, saffron, pepper, and garlic, is very wholesome, and suited to the climate and resources of the people, who esteem it a national dish.

Havana, especially in house-rent, boarding, clothing, indeed every necessary for the support of life, and to promote comfort, is the most expensive place in the world.

Here it is perhaps necessary to say, that the saddest chapters of suffering that could be written would be the histories of confirmed invalids coming from the Northern States, seeking health in "the balmy air of these tropical climes." Accustomed to the careful housekeeping and domestic arrangements of their northern home, and sustained by an invigorating climate, they find themselves suddenly in Havana, deprived of even a comfortable retiring room, and without the necessary convenience of even a bed to lie upon. Every dish, except otherwise ordered, is reeking with red pepper, onions, or garlic; the language and habits of the common people are strange and repulsive; and, mean time, the climate, enervating and exhausting to the most vigorous constitutions, completes the disaster; and the poor, disappointed seeker of health learns, when it is too late, the sad mistake that has been made by the consumptive searching a warm latitude for health.

We saw one of these wretched people hoisted by the aid of a mattress upon the deck of our departing steamer. There was apparent death in the eye, and in the emaciated frame. It was a desperate effort to reach home and die among friends and kindred. Presently the steamer moved out of the harbor, that was literally as hot as an oven. The cool sea-breeze fanned the brow of the sinking one; the pure, fresh air acted as an elixir; the eye brightened, the voice returned, the hand had the power to give an affectionate return for the friendly grasp. The cool night air set in, and the invalid, like one escaping from an exhausted receiver, wept and sighed over the suffering endured in the sad climate and surroundings for invalids, common to all Cuban resorts.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XVIII.—A CIVIC FEAST IN A COTTAGE. MRS. ROWLEY TAKES SOME STRONG MEASURES.

Wx left Mrs. Rowley at the Meadows.

Mrs. Cosie, a comely, cordial, motherly, sedulous, upright, down-right, plain-spoken woman, in the advanced autumn of life, when the leaf is still a goodly red, or a warm, comfortable brown, was a great favorite of Mrs. Rowley's. She had a bevy of daughters, and a troop of maids besides, always at hand to do every thing for her; but she was that active and housewifely sort of person who preferred doing things for herself, so her maids were not much overworked, which was all the better for their pretty faces and figures.

Had Mr. Cosie brought a couple of actual goddesses home with him, he could scarcely have astounded his wife and daughters more than he did when he appeared with Mrs. Rowley and her step-daughter. Mrs. Cosie was at her door, the porch of which was overhung with woodbine and roses, already beginning to bloom in that mild climate, thanks—at least such was the notion in those days—to the influence of the Gulf Stream. She was engaged at the moment shaking the crumbs out of the table-cloth after luncheon, for the linnets and robins to pick up; while the parlor-maid, having nothing else to do, was standing smiling by, watching the pretty birds as they profited by her mistress's daily charity. The birds were fluttered the first; they all flew away in a cloud, with as much noise as their tiny wings could make; then the fluttering reached the maid, who almost screamed, and pulled the table-cloth out of Mrs. Cosie's hands; but the fluttering of the good woman herself exceeded the fluttering of birds and maid together; she was all in a flutter from head to foot, outside and inside; her cap tumbled down behind, her kerchief fell from her neck; every thing that could escape from tie or pin or hook took the opportunity of starting, in the excess of her trepidation. Her voice was too soft and mellow for screaming, or she would have screamed; but she did

her best to make up for it by running to and fro, with a thousand "dear me's," and panting invocations of her daughters Dorothy and Margery, and all the damsels of the farm. In a few minutes, there was such a concourse that, when the carriage swept round the open space before the cottage, and drew up before the porch, Mrs. Rowley stepped out in the middle of a small mob of rosy-faced girls—one with a pet lamb at her heels, one with a broom in her hands, another with a churn-dash, another with a red petticoat on her arm, which she happened to be making or mending. In the background appeared some electrified workmen, who, perhaps, imagined that the queen had taken it into her head to come and see Mrs. Cosie—a visit which would certainly have made her majesty acquainted with one of the worthiest women of her class in England.

At last the ferment subsided, the shaking of hands was over, and the Rowleys, amidst a galaxy of happy faces, entered the snug abode of their humble friends.

The Meadows was so far from being "a cottage of gentility," that it had not even one proper coach-house; but it was large enough to afford a couple of spare bedrooms; and while they were getting ready for their reception, Mrs. Rowley and her daughter reposed in Mrs. Cosie's room until dinner-time.

If there was a fault in Mrs. Cosie's household, it was that there was rather too much eating, so much that it seemed hardly worth while to remove the cloth at all; but perhaps it was done for the sake of the robins and finches. This over-eating was the result of the old civic habits of the family, Mr. Cosie having once been an alderman of London, and having even served the office of sheriff. Indeed, he had been once within a few votes of the highest honor of the City, and there was no story which his wife told so often, or so amusingly, as how she had narrowly escaped being lady mayoreess.

The dinner was as superabundant as usual, the table groaning under roast beef and boiled mutton, chickens and ducks, pigeons and wild-duck, pies and puddings. But with all this, it was not as ponderous as many a grand London entertainment, good-humor and good-nature did so much to lighten it.

"It was a lucky bridge for us, at all events," said the good woman at the head of the table.

"And a lucky flood that carried away the bridge," said Mrs. Rowley; "for I think we have our full share of the good fortune."

With chat like this, and a hundred recollections of the last time the Rowleys had honored the country with a visit, the rustic meal began and ended.

The post came in late at that period, and soon after tea, which trod on the heels of dinner, Mrs. Rowley retired to her room with her letters. She never read a letter from her husband in the presence of strangers, sometimes not even in the presence of her daughters—whether it was that they caused her more rapture than she cared to let any one witness, or for other reasons best known to herself.

Susan Rowley sat with the Cosie girls until it was bedtime, listening, not always with unaffected interest, to their accounts of parochial matters, and talking of poor Carry, whom the Cosies were all fond of, but latterly hardly ever saw, Mrs. Upjohn having for some time back behaved superciliously to the farmer's family, and broken off all social communication with the Meadows.

They chatted and chatted until Mrs. Cosie, who had been dozing in her chair ever since dinner—her daily habit for years—now began to wake up, which she no sooner did than she exclaimed:

"Now, girls, don't keep Miss Rowley up talking. I dare say she would like to go to bed."

"Well, truly I should," said Susan.

"When would Mrs. Rowley like to have breakfast in the morning?" said Dorothy and Margery, almost together, for both must show Susan to her room.

"By all means at your usual hour," said Miss Rowley. "We are as early birds as you are. Mamma writes her letters, and reads her newspaper, and does half her business before she leaves her room of a morning; and if she has no letters to write she goes on with her novel. She is as great a novel-reader as ever."

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Dorothy; "I don't believe there is a novel in the house."

"Yes, but there is," said the brusque Margery, giving her sister a little push—a way she had; "there's the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and 'Sanford and Merton.'"

"I should like to see you offering Mrs. Rowley 'Sanford and Merton' to read," said Dorothy, returning the little push.

"Oh, never mind the novels," said Susan; "mamma has a whole box of them with her which she brought down from London."

It was a long time before Miss Rowley was left to herself, for the Cosie girls were never satisfied that there were half as many things in her bower as they were certain she would want; but at last they accepted her repeated assurances that every thing was perfect, and pushed one another out of the room. Looking-glasses abounded, at all events, for there were three, and Mrs. Rowley had even more; in fact, all the movable looking-glasses in the house had been put into the two rooms, except a small one in which Mr. Cosie shaved.

Before they assembled at breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Rowley had a discussion with her host on the state of affairs, and what she proposed to do while she remained in England. The arrangement suggested by Mr. Alexander, by which Mr. Cosie was to manage the little peninsula under the advice of Spring Gardens, had already been approved of, and Mrs. Rowley was very happy to hear that her brother-in-law was prepared to hand every thing over to his successor without a shade of angry feeling on his mind. She was not long without further assurance on that head; for she was just deliberating at breakfast how to get over to Foxden in the course of the morning, and parrying the earnest endeavors of the Cosies to keep her, when a horse was heard trotting up the avenue, and there was scarce time to wonder who so early a visitor could be, when in limped Mr. Upjohn himself, looking much more like a man who had just been appointed to a good thing than a man who had lost one. He came in with the heartiest laugh, kissed and shook hands with both his sister-in-law and niece, and swore, like Falstaff, that he knew them the day before, as well as Him that made them.

"No, no, uncle, you did not know a bit of us; there is no use in your pretending it."

"Well, Susan, truth is truth; I did not know you; but," he added, turning to Mrs. Rowley, "I ought to have known you, Fatima, at all events, by one remark you made. When I said I did not understand why the bridge went, you said you supposed it was because the flood was the stronger: so very like you—so quaint and so sharp—so like you."

"Well, we were not on it, uncle," said Susan, "like the Brian O'Lynn family; that was a great point."

Upjohn sat down, and there was not a pleasanter member of the party.

"We were going over to Foxden after breakfast," said Mrs. Rowley.

"You are much better where you are," he said. "I am all alone, as you probably know, except Carry. I am going up to town to-morrow or next day."

The Cosies immediately declared, with one accord, that Carry must come and stay with them; and it was arranged that Mrs. Rowley would take her up to town when she went.

Mr. Upjohn's handsome and generous conduct mightily pleased Mrs. Rowley, and raised him in everybody's opinion. She pressed him to consider Foxden still his own; it was not only her wish, but her husband's; but he shook his head, and convinced her in a few words that it was impossible for him to accept the offer. They parted as affectionately as they met. Mr. Upjohn said he would write to his brother and let him know that he was perfectly satisfied with every thing that had been done; but, as usual, he neglected to do so, and it was not from him that Mr. Rowley had the first account of the way in which the new arrangements were received.

Mrs. Rowley lost no time, but went about her inspections at once. The weather being showery, she put on a long waterproof jacket she had, something like a sailor's, and, with her petticoats sufficiently tucked up, a sort of wide-awake on her head, and a good stout umbrella in her hand, she set out with Mr. Cosie on her perambulations. To people who saw her from a distance she looked more like a farmer than what she was; but, when they approached, her beautiful hair, coming out under the hat, revealed her sex quickly enough, as her countenance and bearing did the gentlewoman. As to get little Carry transferred to the meadows depended upon getting her across the river, which was still swollen, the first thing was to see what progress had been made with the temporary foot-bridge, which was only to consist of a few planks put roughly together. This she found nearly done in a sort of a way, and Mr. Mallet was on the spot

himself at the moment. He was not long discovering in whose presence he stood, and, pulling his hat off in a great hurry and trepidation, came toward Mrs. Rowley to make his obeisance. Mr. Cosie told her in a short aside who he was, and all about him.

"You will be wanting a new bridge, madam," said the carpenter insinuatingly.

"Yes; and a new carpenter, I think also, Mr. Mallet," said Mrs. Rowley, nodding to him, and passing on, leaving the village jobber chopfallen, and fumbling with his watch-chain, to admire the last construction of his genius on the Rowley property.

But, in dismissing a jobber, she made an enemy, of course, and she made another before she proceeded many yards farther.

Mr. Cosie next conducted her to one of the schools of the estate; it was the nearest to Foxden, and was called Mrs. Upjohn's school, for greater distinction.

Mrs. Rowley saw Mrs. Upjohn in it very clearly; the outside was as pretty and captivating as possible; nothing could be neater; it was quite a picture, with the roses climbing about the doors and windows, but, with the outward show, the beauties of the school ended. The school-room was dirty, the scholars a riotous mob of little sluts and slovens, the mistress the model of a slattern. Mrs. Rowley entered behind Mr. Cosie, and maintained her incognito long enough to take in the whole interior with a rapid, keen, comprehensive glance. The moment she was known, the effect was electric. The astonished mistress jumped up in consternation, and tried, at one and the same moment, to bring her untidy cap straight over her uncombed hair, and get rid of a foul apron, which covered a gown which was not much cleaner.

"Don't give yourself any trouble about your dress; pray don't de-range it, and keep your seat," said Mrs. Rowley.

Oh, dear, dear, if the mistress had only expected—had only known—and so forth—she would have made herself decent and tidy.

"Then I am to understand," returned Mrs. Rowley, "that you only think it necessary to be decent and tidy once in every four or five years, when I come to visit you; and the children, too, don't you think they would do their sums quite as well if their faces and hands were clean?"

"Oh, if your ladyship but knew how hard it is to make children come always to school with clean hands and faces."

"Example might do something," said Mrs. Rowley, her formidable eye covering, as she spoke, every bit of the mistress's person which was visible.

She then desired to see the children's copy-books, asked some of the eldest a few questions in the multiplication-table. In a row of six she only found one arithmetician who could tell her what three times three made. She was a smart little girl, the only child in the school who was tolerably clean and neat, and Mrs. Rowley inquired her name, and took a note of it.

She then thought she had seen enough; and, with a nod to the abashed and silenced mistress, she walked away.

In a moment she turned to Mr. Cosie, and said:

"That nice young woman must follow Mr. Mallet into retirement, and with the least possible delay. How did she ever get the situation?"

"She had a great many strong certificates," said Mr. Cosie; "and she'll be coming up to the Meadows to ask another from you."

"Oh, and she shall have it!" said Mrs. Rowley, laughing. They had now made a little round, and were at the Meadows again, where they found Carry arrived in her palanquin; and there were great kissing and rejoicing.

After luncheon the same day, Mrs. Rowley changed her costume, and drove to the village with her daughter and Mr. Cosie, to show herself to the people.

As they drove into Oakham, the shopkeepers ran to their doors, bowing and courtesying, and the idle boys ran after the carriage, shouting. The place was all in a ferment. Some few of the decenter people had cleaned their windows and washed their faces, thinking such a visit possible. Some ran to make their ablutions as soon as the carriage entered the principal street. In general, the little place was as squalid and neglected as any village could be.

"I was never in Ireland," said Mrs. Rowley; "but really this sort of thing must be very like it, and the reason is just the same. What nonsense it is to say that a non-resident proprietary is no evil to a

country; but, *que voulez-vous*," she added, with a little sigh, "we can't do what we like in this world."

CHAPTER XIX.—IN WHICH MRS. COSIE TELLS A STORY, MRS. ROWLEY TAKES HOLY ORDERS, AND THE SKY LOWERS BOTH IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Now, don't let the reader be uneasy—this is not going to be a blue-book; he is not going to be bored with the details of how Mrs. Rowley managed her rural affairs, or with her views of husbandry, or even how she kept her accounts. We have the less reason to trouble ourselves about her business, as it was not her business that troubled herself in truth; her days at the Meadows, busy as they were, passed as pleasantly and smoothly as possible, as long as her letters from Paris continued to be agreeable.

As often as she could, she shook off her serious concerns, and rambled over the hills and along the cliffs with Susan, and sometimes one of the Cosies. Then you saw her other disk, or the poetical side of the planet. Her spirits rose with the hills, and rioted in the bracken. Then, though she had reached her meridian, you almost saw "the wild freshness of morning" in her glad eye and elastic step, though I don't mean to say that the harebells raised their heads very soon after her tread, for she was rather too portly now for that.

One bright, breezy day, after climbing to the top of some high rocks which commanded a wide survey of land and ocean, she threw herself down on the heather to rest, almost at full length, with her hands supporting her head.

"Oh," cried her daughter, in the same posture, "is not this a thousand thousand times more charming, more enjoyable than any thing in London, or even Paris?"

"Yes, yes, yes, it is, it is, it is indeed," responded Mrs. Rowley; and then, after a long pause, she added, "how true it is, what my father used often to say, that we have all two selves—I have certainly—I'm half-civilized, and half-wild. My reason goes for cultivation and improvement; my tastes are decidedly savage. I can't help speeding the plough and the harrow, and yet they destroy what gives me the most exquisite pleasure. Beautiful, glorious as this view is, it is not near so beautiful as it was once. That hill-side, a few years ago, was perfect, all gorse and heather and masses of gray rock; we have blasted half the rock and ploughed up the gorse, and now look at the parallelograms of oats and triangles of barley we have got in exchange. Corn is in itself a beautiful thing, but it seems a law of agriculture that it must always be grown in mathematical figures. It's very sad, indeed, but I'm glad Mr. Cosie is not here to hear me say so."

"I wish we could send progress back a little," said Susan.

"Then wealth, my dear, would go back with it, and all mankind would cry out *fi* against that. I don't believe there is a beautiful thing left in the world which men, and, alas, even Christians, wouldn't root out of it without mercy, for the sake of a little profit. I don't suppose even the owner of a farm on the Lake of Galilee would 'consider the lilies' much. But we have no right to abuse our species; it is just what we are doing ourselves."

"Well, mamma, the beauty is not all gone yet; and there's another comfort—I defy Mr. Cosie to spoil the sea, as he is certainly spoiling the mountain."

"No, no, there is plenty of beauty still, and we must only try and make a wise use of what we gain by the parallelograms."

Questions of money would turn up, whether Mrs. Rowley liked it or not; every proprietor who only visits his estate at long intervals knows what it is to be bombarded with applications for money for all sorts of objects. There was a pink-thorn just beginning to bloom in front of the Meadows, with a table and seats under it, and Mrs. Rowley often sat there for a morning, and had interviews with a great many people, who wanted her advice, or her help, or who wanted to impose on her, which was not easily done, as Mr. Smith knew by the affair of the house.

One day she was nearly killed with applications, though she resolutely refused to see the applicants.

"I protest," she said, flinging aside a petition more than usually unconscionable, "there are people who think we are made of money—if I took snuff, they would fancy it was gold-dust."

"Perhaps," said her daughter, "as we have just come from France, they think we have got that nice little dog in the French tale, who

scattered jewels and gold-pieces round the room whenever he shook himself."

"If that dog was mine, Susan, I should lock him well up, and take care not to let him run about the country. Pleasant as it is to open one's purse-strings, we must hold them tight for charity's sake. Wealth has twenty annoyances which poor people will never understand, and one of the worst of them is to be so often obliged to refuse when it is so much more agreeable to give."

"Well, mamma, here comes an applicant whom I hope you won't reject; poor Margery! I know what she wants, for she told me at breakfast."

Margery Cosie had only a few days before returned from Torquay, where she had spent a month with one of her friends; she had taken the money matters upon her, which now she bitterly regretted, for her accounts were in a mess, and, for the life of her, she could not find what was wrong, though she almost cried over the figures. She had quite the air of a poor petitioner in distress as she approached the pink-thorn with a little paper-book in her hand.

"Well, my poor girl, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Rowley, dear, if you would only take pity on me."

Then she told her sad tale, and Mrs. Rowley took the book and glanced her eye over the columns. She smiled, and Margery groaned, for she knew she had done something ridiculous. What amused Mrs. Rowley was the following extract:

Three yards of ribbon for my bonnet	s. d.
Mending parasol (Ellen's)	4 3
A dory	1 9
Gloves and stockings	2 0
	5 4

"Margery, my dear, when your mother buys a fish, where does she put it?"

"In the larder, ma'am, of course," said the trembling accountant.

"She doesn't put it in her wardrobe by any chance?"

"No, ma'am, of course she doesn't."

"But I presume you would, Margery, for here I find a dory in the middle of your ribbons and silks; and, as I suppose you and your friend enjoyed him between you, perhaps it's the dory that has been giving you all this trouble."

"How much was the dory?" exclaimed Margery, eagerly.

"Two shillings—I suppose it was a fine big one."

"Oh, that's it, that's it exactly—I was just wrong a shilling; it was the dory, I ought to have charged Ellen with half of it—what a stupid thing I was! and I do think, Mrs. Rowley, you are just the cleverest lady in all the world."

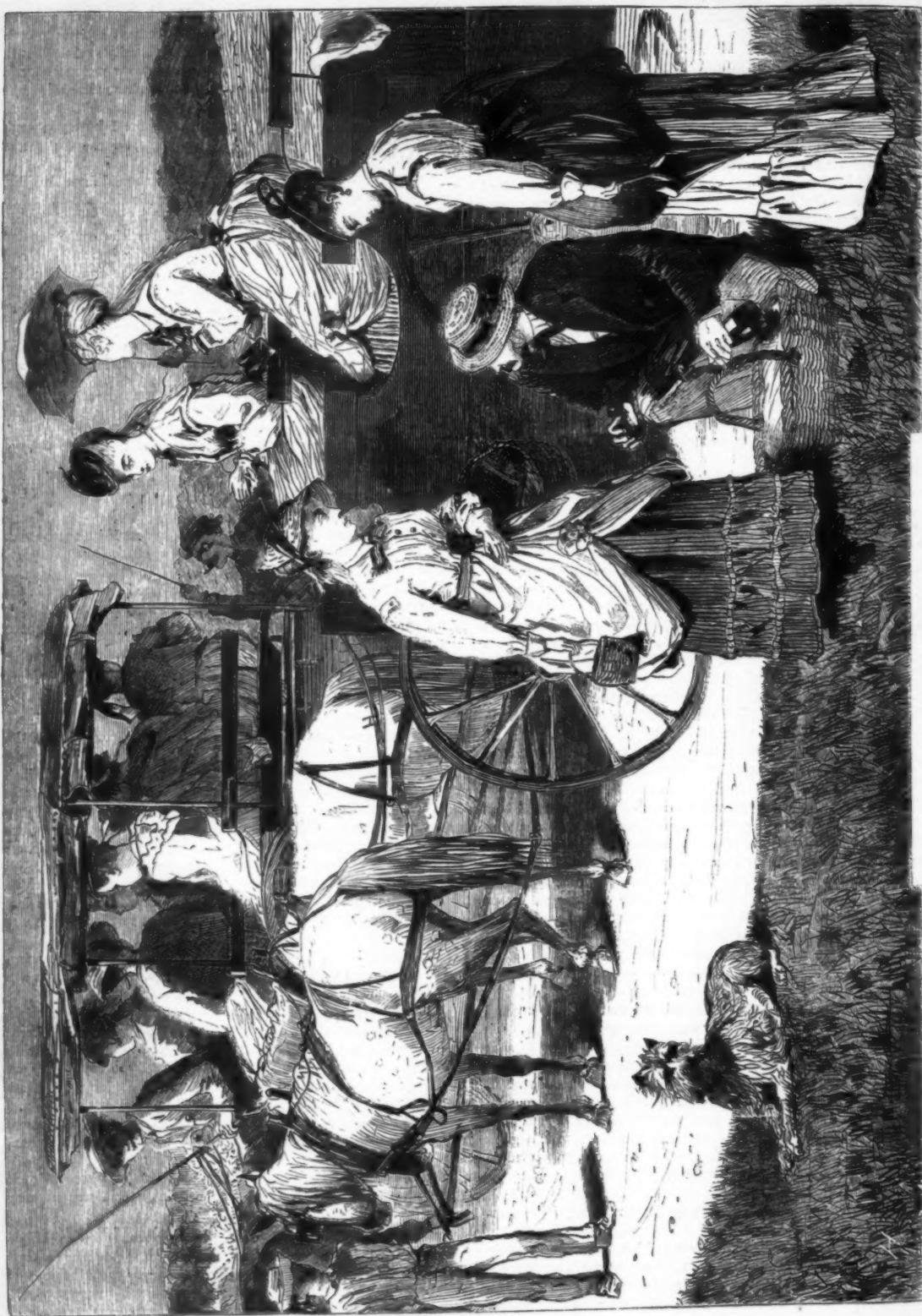
This was the last application for the day; and, amidst such incidents, employments, and conversations, the time glided on. One day, Mr. Blackadder was invited to dine, but he did not come. There was a good reason for it; for another storm and flood, which rose suddenly, and as quickly subsided, swept away the second and slighter bridge which had just been erected. At dinner, Mr. Cosie produced a bottle of his oldest and most particular Madeira, *apropos* of which his good wife related a story which amused Mrs. Rowley much less for its intrinsic merits than the odd, roundabout way in which it was told.

Mrs. Rowley had just been helped to a glass of that wondrous wine, which was twenty years old twenty years ago, when Mr. Cosie was Sheriff of London.

"It happened, ma'am, when we lived at Twickenham, near neighbors of the Marjorams. We were not happier there than we are here; but we were happy there, too, for God was good to us, and the children were good, too, though I say it, who oughtn't to say it. I dare say Mrs. Rowley has heard speak of Miss Mary Marjoram; but perhaps she has not, for she can't be expected to know everybody—and how good she is always to the poor—I mean Mary, ma'am, though her sister, Miss Primula—Prim, we call her—is a good woman, too—"

"Remember the Madeira, mother," said Dorothy, whose office it was always to keep Mrs. Cosie to the point, which was no easy matter.

"Oh, I'm coming to that, Dorry;—well, ma'am, if Mary Marjoram was good to the poor, so was somebody else, too, and I mean my own good man, for there's no use in mincing matters; and he and Miss Mary were always finding each other out, or half the kind things they did, in this quarter and that quarter, and the other, would never have been heard of. Well, ma'am, at that time, though the time



THE PICNIC EXCURSION By Winslow Homer.

doesn't much signify, there was a bad fever among the poor in Twickenham, and there was one lane in particular where the fever was very bad indeed. Do you know Twickenham, ma'am? Well, if you don't, it doesn't signify either, though it's a pretty place, is Twickenham."

"The Madeira, mother," said Dorothy again.

"Never fear, Dorry, I'm coming to that;—well, Mr. Marjoram, ma'am, had a great dread of infection, and would never hear of his sisters going near that particular lane; and I told Mr. Cosie, too, I should be very angry if he went into it either; and he ought to have minded what I said, for he was always a bad subject for fever—you have only to look at him, ma'am, to see that. Well, there was a poor woman in the lane, who used to do needle-work for us, and she took the fever; and, when he heard of it, what does he do—my good man, I mean—but the very thing he oughtn't; he goes straight to see if the poor thing had every thing that was good for her; but he was not in the house five minutes before the close air or the bad smells were too much for him, and he was near falling in a faint on the stairs, and I don't believe he would ever have come home to me alive, if another poor woman, who was just recovering, had not come out of her room, which was opposite, and given him a glass of wine to set him up. The moment he tasted it, ill as he was, he knew his own wine, the very same Madeira, ma'am, you have got at this moment in your glass; he knew it at once, and where it came from, too, for only a short time before he had made Mr. Marjoram a present of some of it. So Mary Marjoram was found out, and her brother was very angry, not because she gave the Madeira to the poor woman—oh, no, ma'am; it wasn't for that—but she might have caught the fever; and Mr. Cosie would probably have caught it too, if it had not been for his own wine."

They used to pass those evenings at the Meadows playing round games of cards for some small stake, or making Mr. Cosie a knight of the whistle, or some game of forfeits, chiefly for the sake of seeing the wonderful number of things Mrs. Cosie used to produce from her pockets; but on this evening there was nothing of the kind. The post came in later than usual, owing to the weather. Mrs. Rowley took hers to her own room, and did not reappear; and the Cosies, who were regular in their public devotions, had to consider what was to be done the next day, which was Sunday, as they were entirely cut off from the church—not their own family merely, but the laborers and cottagers hard by, altogether a congregation of some thirty or forty. The natural thing was for Mr. Cosie to read the service in the dining-room or the barn; but his voice was weak and husky, so that was not to be thought of. Miss Rowley then said that she would see if her mother would do the duty, and, the notion being highly approved, she went at once to propose it to Mrs. Rowley.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PICNIC EXCURSIONS.

IT is a cardinal belief with every man, woman, and child, that a picnic includes pretty nearly the most perfect form of human enjoyment. One's experiences may not have fully confirmed this article of faith; one may, indeed, recall a host of picnics that were any thing but delightful—picnics which were rendered unfortunate by some conditions of the weather, or ruined by the want of congeniality in the party, or disturbed by the bad temper or insufferable silliness of a few of the company, or which proved hopeless failures in consequence of some calamity or misfortune, either in the upsetting of a boat, a collision on the train, a drenching in a shower, or other equally distressing incident. But, notwithstanding these experiences, the theory of the picnic is so admirable, that everybody, almost, is willing to believe that it only needs a union of fortunate circumstances to render it, in fact, all it is in expectation, or fancy. The theory of the picnic, moreover, is really based on actual experience; it is drawn from those occasions, even if only brief interludes in the ordinary picnic, in which sky, air, sun, shadow, trees, blossoms, and the company, all unite in supplying conditions of perfect enjoyment. What the full requirements of a picnic may be admits of some range of opinion, but the great charm of this social device is undoubtedly the freedom it affords. It is to eat, to chat, to lie, to sit, to talk, to walk, with some-

thing of the unconstraint of primitive life. We find a fascination in carrying back our civilization to the wilderness. To eat cold chicken, and drink iced claret under trees, amid the grass and the flowers; to have the sunlight dancing down through the branches, and sparkling in our wine, while we inhale a bouquet from the aromatic forest, and bellowed earth, more fragrant and delicious than that of the ripest Falernian; to gather from the fresh and exhilarating air zest and appetite; to enjoy all these things in delightful company (there must be both youth and beauty, in the latter, to give the picnic the proper seasoning) affords a charm that is subtly enjoyable, and which defies our clumsy analysis. The eagerness with which we enter upon picnics, the keenness with which we relish them, are proofs of the supremacy of out-of-doors. Nature is still dear to us, notwithstanding all the veneering of civilization; and it is pleasant to reflect how, at this moment, on the sides of innumerable hills, on mountain tops, in wooded valleys, by many a lake and rivulet, on little wooded islands, in the far-off prairies, in southern savannas, are countless picnic parties, all of which, let us hope, are finding full realization of the true ideal of a picnic.

POPULAR FALLACIES CONCERNING HYGIENE.

BY GEORGE M. BEARD, M. D.

II.

FALLACIES RELATING TO HEREDITARY GENIUS.

MR. BUCKLE, in his "History of Civilization," states that we are completely "in the dark as to the circumstances which regulate the hereditary transmission of character and other personal peculiarities." In a foot-note to this passage, he uses this surprising and emphatic language: "We often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence will find that we have no proof of their existence. The way in which they are commonly proved is in the highest degree illogical, the usual course being for writers to collect instances of some mental peculiarity found in a parent and his child, and then to infer that the mental peculiarity was bequeathed."

These assertions of Mr. Buckle probably represent the views of the great majority of the thinking minds of our day, except the very few who have given this subject special attention.

The popular ideas concerning hereditary ability are derived mainly from political or social prejudice, and are just now beginning to be revised by scientific research. The ruling classes in aristocratic communities are educated in the belief that birth alone makes the man; while, under democratic institutions, popular prejudice makes it almost a crime to have distinguished parentage.

On this subject, as on so many others, the theory and practice of society are often in direct contrast. The existence of castes, though theoretically denied, on moral and other grounds, is yet practically admitted, not only among aristocrats, but even among the middle and lower orders of society, and in republics as well as in monarchies. There are many who deny *in toto* the theory of hereditary transmission, who assert and intellectually believe that one man is just as good as another, and, with the same opportunities, may attain equal success, and that all men everywhere are born free and equal, not alone in civil rights, but in intellectual capacity. There are those who go still farther, and assert that talented and distinguished parents are less likely to have talented and distinguished offspring than are parents of inferior or merely average ability. If I mistake not, this is the prevailing sentiment to-day, not only of the ignorant and unthinking, but of the leading minds of our American society.

Men who would rather commit a theft than recognize their subordinate workmen on the public street, who would rather

bury their daughters than have them marry their coachmen or gardeners, who would see their children grow up in ignorance rather than allow them to attend the same school with the "common people"—men whose every-day lives continually attest the instinctive nature of caste, yet theoretically proclaim that a belief in the doctrine of hereditary transmission of intellectual qualities is only fit for monarchs and aristocrats.

In this country especially there is a deeply-rooted and almost universal prejudice against the theory of hereditary ability, although the *practical* belief in its power is every day getting a firmer hold on society.

Now, prejudice, except by a blunder, rarely leads to truth. Its almost inevitable tendency is to error. The real truth, on difficult questions of this kind, is only to be ascertained through unbiassed reasoning, patient observation, and elaborate statistical facts.

I have long held that the prevailing views concerning hereditary talent are destined to be entirely revolutionized by the accumulating evidence of modern investigation.

If every quality of organic existence tends to be hereditary—if the color of the skin and hair, the contour of the features, the expression of the eye, and all the countless maladies from which we suffer, are transmitted from parents to offspring, and from generation to generation—is it not rational to infer that the quality and quantity of the brain are just as decidedly and permanently hereditary? This question is answered in general by the history of nations. Among all races, and in every climate, we find that children inherit both the quantity and quality of the brains of their immediate or remote ancestors. The brain of the negro is lighter than that of the European, and his mental and moral character is proportionately inferior, just as was true of his ancestors centuries ago. The Chinese, the Hindoos, the North-American Indians, the Bushmen, all partake of the mental and moral characteristics of their respective ancestors—are, indeed, simply repetitions of the generations who have preceded them. While it is true that tribes and nations may slowly improve or degenerate in the average quantity and quality of their brain, yet these changes can only be brought about by crossing, interbreeding, or selection, and after a long lapse of time. Therefore, the best developed or most degenerate races attain their position only by inheritance. Both the Europeans and the Africans are the types of their ancestors, and represent the accumulated virtues or vices of all who have preceded them. If, now, the mental and moral character is so directly and permanently transmissible that races and nationalities maintain their peculiarities as well as their general mental character, from century to century, it must necessarily follow that distinct *branches and families* may likewise preserve their individuality, and perpetuate the leading features of the mind. This logical deduction is justified by statistics.

Now, in order that statistics on this subject may be of real value, these three conditions are essential:

1. They should represent a large number of names and a variety of talent. In science, isolated cases prove but little. Other conditions being the same, the value of statistics bearing on this will be in proportion to their extent. Every one is familiar with separate instances that go to prove either the affirmative or the negative of this question; but the few cases that happen to fall under the observation of any single individual are not sufficient to establish any principle.

2. They should be extended over a long period of time. To those who are familiar with the law of "reversion," the importance of the element of time in our statistics will be fully apparent.

Intellectual qualities, like all other characteristics, are liable to skip one or more generations. The talent of parents may skip their own immediate offspring, and reappear in their grandchildren. Diseases and physical peculiarities of all kinds are subject to the same law of reversion.

8. They should include chiefly the names of the dead rather

than of the living. This condition is a necessary inference from the last. It is impossible to establish any principle from merely studying the celebrities that are now living, for we know not what the character of their remote descendants will be. It is therefore necessary to go back at least one or two centuries, and, the farther back we can trace any family, the more valuable will be our statistics.

Against all the statistics that may be presented, it will be argued that the heirs of illustrious parentage have peculiar opportunities of education and social influence to develop their latent powers, and raise them to high positions; and that, especially in an aristocratic country, the statistics must give a false impression of the inherent capacity of families. To this objection, it need only be replied that, while education and social influence refine and cultivate, they cannot *create* an original mind, nor make a great man out of a small one.

But, in order to make the truth on this subject still more apparent, and to settle the question beyond dispute, let us examine into the history of the United States, where all are created free and equal, and where all, without regard to birth or social standing, have the right and the opportunity to develop to the utmost the capacity that is in them—where, indeed, education and family even are oftentimes a hinderance, more than an aid, to advancement.

One year since, I took the pains to go over the volumes of the "American Cyclopædia," and to put down indiscriminately the names and lineage of three hundred Americans, distinguished within the past of our country's history, with the object of ascertaining what proportion were connected with talented and distinguished families, as compared with those who sprang from humble origin, and were in no way related to any who were likewise distinguished.

The results of this statistical examination were most surprising to me, and must be equally so to all who have not directed their attention to this subject, and pursued a similar method of investigation.

Out of this list of three hundred Americans who have made their names illustrious in war, statesmanship, science, literature, art, oratory, invention, business, and financiering, over two hundred—*more than two-thirds*—had distinguished relatives. Over one hundred were fathers and sons, or grandfathers and grandsons; nearly fifty were brothers and sisters. There are several families (some of whose members are living), each of which has been honored by a number of distinguished names. The Lees and Masons in Virginia, the Alexanders in New Jersey, the Astors in New York, the Winthrops, the Lowells, the Prescotts, the Adamses, and the Danas in Massachusetts, together with the families of Beecher and Booth, have already given *nearly fifty* illustrious names to our national history. An average of *four* talented and distinguished members in these eleven families, within the short period of our history, would seem to prove to the satisfaction of every one that intellectual qualities are, at least, capable of being transmitted.

The suggestiveness of these statistics is more apparent when we consider the youth of our country, as compared with the Old World, and the fact that our population is continually being replenished and modified by immigration. In this list of three hundred names were included a number of living notabilities, whose children or grandchildren may hereafter rival their ancestors in distinction. It should also be considered that many of these individuals probably number among their near relatives many who, though unknown to fame, were yet possessed of superior talents, that, under different circumstances, might have brought them into notice, and secured their immortality.

Any one, who will undertake the labor of studying the biography of American genius in the manner and by the rules I have here indicated, must, I think, become convinced that the popular impression on this subject of hereditary ability is entirely erroneous. Any one who will investigate and reason on

the subject philosophically, in the light of what is now known of the variation of animals and plants, of the history of animated Nature, and of the different races and classes of men, must also become theoretically convinced that talent of all kinds is hereditary, that, in the very nature of things, it could not be otherwise, and will wonder that a contrary opinion could ever have been entertained by rational or thinking minds.

Special aptitudes for music, for mathematics, for business, for mechanics, and for literature, are also markedly hereditary.

That literary talent may run in families is proved by the history of the Coleridges, the Sheridans, the Kembles, the Brontës, the Hallams, the Kingsleys, the Disraelis in England, and by the Beechers and the Adamsons in our own country. There are very few who have not known families who have perpetuated a genius for drawing, music, mechanics, or medicine. The Hutchinson family illustrate very strikingly the transmissibility of the singing power; but there are numberless households throughout the land in whom the gift of song is just as decidedly an hereditary quality, though perhaps in a much less degree.* Sobriety and stability are often markedly hereditary. A medical friend informs me that, of fifty thousand American members of the family whose name he bears, five thousand were deacons. The silly superstition in regard to the "seventh son of the seventh son" was undoubtedly based on the observed transmission of the genius for healing. Really, if we look closely enough into this matter, we shall find that there are very few families or branches of families which do not possess, at least in a slight degree, some intellectual heir-loom. The common impression, that a son is more likely to inherit the intellectual qualities of his mother than of his father, probably has a basis of truth. It is very certain that the sons of great men who marry inferior wives frequently exhibit only ordinary ability, while, on the other hand, it is undeniably true, that very many great men have had superior mothers.

Mr. Galton,† whose researches were mentioned in one of the earlier numbers of this JOURNAL, states that, of thirty-nine Chancellors of England, sixteen had eminent kinsmen. The entire list he collected embraced over sixteen hundred names of illustrious and original characters. Of these, one out of six were near male relationships. Out of every one hundred distinguished fathers, eight had sons who were equally distinguished. Out of every one hundred eminent men, five had famous brothers. The most important and telling fact derived from these statistics is, that *one-twelfth* of distinguished fathers had distinguished sons.

This fact seems all the more significant when we consider that very many of the great men of English history were bachelors, and that, of those who married, not more than one in three had children who survived them.

In collecting statistics on this subject, there is great danger of error by assuming that men who hold prominent official positions are necessarily men of talent and genius. We know very well that in this country very few of our really gifted men engage in politics at all, and only in exceptional cases are they rewarded by high positions under the Government. In collecting my own statistics, I endeavored, so far as possible, to avoid this error, by including only the names of those who were acknowledged to be persons of superior abilities.

I fear lest the value of Mr. Galton's excellent statistics may be diminished by this error.

Mr. Galton, furthermore, states that, out of six hundred and five notabilities who flourished between 1456 and 1853, there were *one hundred and two relationships*. Of eighty-five illustrious living names, twenty-five are relatives, twelve are brothers, and eleven are fathers and sons. In Bryan's "Dic-

tionary of Painters," there are three hundred and ninety-one names. Of these, sixty-five are near relatives, thirty-three are fathers and sons, and thirty are brothers.

From these last figures it would appear that, not only intellectuality in general, but also special aptitudes were markedly hereditary. Out of fifty-four distinguished musicians, there were also a number of relatives.

My friend, Mr. J. Markinfield Addey, is now engaged in the preparation of a work on "Eminent Living Americans," which will contain two thousand names. As soon as the work is in print, I shall endeavor to go through the list, with a view to the still further elucidation of this question of hereditary genius; but, for the reasons above given, any list of *living* celebrities, however large, must be vastly inferior, for this special statistical purpose, to a much smaller list that covers a number of generations.

The question now arises whether this rule will work both ways. Is stupidity, as well as genius, subject to the law of inheritance? Does foolishness, like talent, "run in families?" To this question, I think, there can be but one answer. Even those who doubt the hereditability of genius must concede that inferiority and indolence are certainly transmitted from generation to generation, and are retained, not only in nations and in classes, but in tribes and families.

It is true that many distinguished men and women have descended from parents who were more or less obscure; but obscurity is not necessarily inferiority. Those who study biography closely and patiently will find that the number of really superior minds who have descended from inferior stock is surprisingly small.

How often do the Irish peasantry or the "white trash" of the South give to the world a really superior genius in any important department? How many of our leaders in literature, in art, in science, in statesmanship, or even in war, have arisen from these lower orders of society? The depressing influences of circumstances are not alone sufficient to account for the universal inferiority of the offspring of the Five Points and the peat-bogs of Ireland; for, even when the children born in these places are educated and sent to the country, they rarely attain any thing more than average respectability. On the other hand, many of our ablest men were the sons of farmers, because our farms are often tilled by the best intellects of the land.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

I HOPE you will consider that the arguments I have now stated, even if there were no better ones, constitute a sufficient apology for urging the introduction of science into schools. The next question to which I have to address myself is, What sciences ought to be thus taught? And this is one of the most important of questions, because my side (I am afraid I am a terribly candid friend) sometimes spoils its cause by going in for too much. There are other forms of culture besides physical science, and I should be profoundly sorry to see the fact forgotten, or even to observe a tendency to starve or cripple literary or æsthetic culture for the sake of science.

Such a narrow view of education has nothing to do with my firm conviction that a complete and thorough scientific culture ought to be introduced into all schools. By this, however, I do not mean that every school-boy should be taught every thing in science. That would be a very absurd thing to conceive, and a very mischievous thing to attempt. What I mean is, that no boy nor girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all sciences; so that, when turned into the world to make their own way, they shall be prepared to face scientific discussions and scientific problems, not by knowing at once the conditions of every problem, or by being able at once to solve it, but by being familiar with the general current of scientific thought, and being able to apply the methods of

* Mr. G. H. Lewes ("Physiology of Common Life," vol. II., p. 336) mentions "the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of a musical genius which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred Bachs, the children of very various mothers."

† *Macmillan's Magazine*, for July and August, 1895.

science in the proper way, when they have acquainted themselves with the conditions of the special problem.

That is what I understand by scientific education. To furnish a boy with such an education, it is by no means necessary that he should devote his whole school existence to physical science; in fact, no one would lament so one-sided a proceeding more than I. Nay, more, it is not necessary for him to give up more than a moderate share of his time to such studies, if they be properly selected and arranged, and if he be trained in them in a fitting manner.

I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows: To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is "physical geography." The Germans have a better, *Erdkunde* ("earth-knowledge," or "geology," in its etymological sense), that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in it, and about it.

If any one who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that, so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under this head of *Erdkunde*. The child asks, "What is the moon, and why does it shine?" "What is this water, and where does it run?" "What is the wind?" "What makes the waves in the sea?" "Where does this animal live, and what is the use of that plant?" And, if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child, nor any bound to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking faculty in this way. To all such questions, answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge, and not mere book-learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge—reading, writing, and elementary mathematics—he should pass on to what is, in the more strict sense, physical science. Now, there are two kinds of physical science: the one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, these two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind of science. Every educational advan-

tage which training in physical science can give is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented, for the present, if they, added to our *Erdkunde*, furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of schools. Indeed, I conceive it would be one of the greatest boons which could be conferred upon England, if henceforward every child in the country were instructed in the general knowledge of the things about it—in the elements of physics and of botany. But I should be still better pleased if there could be added somewhat of chemistry, and an elementary acquaintance with human physiology.

So far as school education is concerned, I want to go no further just now; and I believe that such instruction would make an excellent introduction to that preparatory scientific training which, as I

have indicated, is so essential for the successful pursuit of our most important professions. But this modicum of instruction must be so given as to insure real knowledge and practical discipline. If scientific education is to be dealt with as mere book-work, it will be better not to attempt it, but to stick to the Latin grammar, which makes no pretence to be any thing but book-work.

If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such training should be real, that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with fact, that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is so, and no otherwise. The great peculiarity of scientific training, that in virtue of which it cannot be replaced by any other discipline whatsoever, is this bringing of the mind directly into contact with fact, and practising the intellect in the completest form of induction; that is to say, in drawing conclusions from particular facts made known by immediate observation of nature.

of nature.

The other studies which enter into ordinary education do not discipline the mind in this way. Mathematical training is almost purely deductive. The mathematician starts with a few simple propositions, the proof of which is so obvious that they are called self-evident, and the rest of his work consists of subtle deductions from them. The teaching of languages, at any rate as ordinarily practised, is of the same general nature—authority and tradition furnish the data, and the mental operations of the scholar are deductive.

Again, if history be the subject of study, the facts are still taken upon the evidence of tradition and authority. You cannot make a boy see the battle of Thermopylae for himself, or know of his own knowledge that Cromwell once ruled England. There is no getting



Thomas Henry Huxley, F. R. S., LL. D.

into direct contact with natural fact by this road; there is no dispensing with authority, but rather a resting upon it.

In all these respects, science differs from other educational discipline, and prepares the scholar for common life. What have we to do in every-day life? Most of the business which demands our attention is matter of fact, which needs, in the first place, to be accurately observed or apprehended; in the second, to be interpreted by inductive and deductive reasonings, which are altogether similar in their nature to those employed in science. In the one case, as in the other, whatever is taken for granted is so taken at one's own peril; fact and reason are the ultimate arbiters, and patience and honesty are the great helpers out of difficulty.

But, if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical. That is to say, in explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature, you must, as far as possible, give reality to your teaching by object-lessons; in teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of the one upon the other for himself. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled, by the absolute authority of nature, to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.

One is constantly asked, When should this scientific education be commenced? I should say, with the dawn of intelligence. As I have already said, a child seeks for information about matters of physical science as soon as it begins to talk. The first teaching it wants is an object-lesson of one sort or another; and, as soon as it is fit for systematic instruction of any kind, it is fit for a modicum of science.

People talk of the difficulty of teaching young children such matters, and in the same breath insist upon their learning their Catechism, which contains propositions far harder to comprehend than any thing in the educational course I have proposed. Again, I am incessantly told that we who advocate the introduction of science into schools make no allowance for the stupidity of the average boy or girl; but, in my belief, that stupidity, in nine cases out of ten, "*fit, non nascitur*," and is developed by a long process of parental and pedagogic repression of the natural intellectual appetites, accompanied by a persistent attempt to create artificial ones for food which is not only tasteless, but essentially indigestible.

Those who urge the difficulty of instructing young people in science are apt to forget another very important condition of success—important in all kinds of teaching, but most essential, I am disposed to think, when the scholars are very young. This condition is, that the teacher should himself really and practically know his subject. If he does, he will be able to speak of it in the easy language, and with the completeness of conviction, with which he talks of any ordinary every-day matter. If he does not, he will be afraid to wander beyond the limits of the technical phraseology which he has got up; and a dead dogmatism, which oppresses or raises opposition, will take the place of the lively confidence, born of personal conviction, which cheers and encourages the eminently sympathetic mind of childhood.

I have already hinted that such scientific training as we seek for may be given without making any extravagant claim upon the time now devoted to education. We ask only for "a most favored nation" clause in our treaty with the schoolmaster; we demand no more than that science shall have as much time given to it as any other single subject—say four hours a week in each class of an ordinary school.

For the present, I think men of science would be well content with such an arrangement as this; but, speaking for myself, I do not pretend to believe that such an arrangement can be, or will be, permanent. In these times the educational tree seems to me to have its roots in the air, its leaves and flowers in the ground; and I confess I should very much like to turn it upside down, so that its roots might be solidly imbedded among the facts of nature, and draw thence a sound nutriment for the foliage and fruit of literature and of art. No

educational system can have a claim to permanence unless it recognizes the truth that education has two great ends to which every thing else must be subordinated. The one of these is to increase knowledge; the other is to develop the love of right and the hatred of wrong.

With wisdom and uprightness a nation can make its way worthily, and beauty will follow in the footsteps of the two, even if she be not specially invited; while there is, perhaps, no sight in the whole world more saddening and more revolting than is offered by men sunk in ignorance of every thing but what other men have written; seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual caterwauling may be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres.

At present, education is almost entirely devoted to the cultivation of the power of expression and of the sense of literary beauty. The matter of having any thing to say beyond a hash of other people's opinions, or of possessing any criterion of beauty, so that we may distinguish between the godlike and the devilish, is left aside as of no moment. I think I do not err in saying that if science were made the foundation of education, instead of being, at most, stuck on as a cornice to the edifice, this state of things could not exist.

In advocating the introduction of physical science as a leading element in education, I by no means refer only to the higher schools. On the contrary, I believe that such a change is even more imperatively called for in those primary schools in which the children of the poor are expected to turn to the best account the little time they can devote to the acquisition of knowledge. A great step in this direction has already been made by the establishment of science-classes under the department of science and art—a measure which came into existence unnoticed, but which will, I believe, turn out to be of more importance to the welfare of the people than many political changes, over which the noise of battle has rent the air.

Under the regulations to which I refer, a schoolmaster can set up a class in one or more branches of science; his pupils will be examined, and the State will pay him, at a certain rate, for all who succeed in passing. I have acted as an examiner under this system from the beginning of its establishment, and this year I expect to have not fewer than a couple of thousand sets of answers to questions in Physiology, mainly from young people of the artisan class, who have been taught in the schools which are now scattered all over Great Britain and Ireland. Some of my colleagues, who have to deal with subjects such as Geometry, for which the present teaching power is better organized, I understand, are likely to have three or four times as many papers. So far as my own subjects are concerned, I can undertake to say that a great deal of the teaching, the results of which are before me in three examinations, is very sound and good, and I think it is in the power of the examiners, not only to keep up the present standard, but to cause an almost unlimited improvement.

Now what does this mean? It means that by holding out a very moderate inducement, the masters of primary schools in many parts of the country have been led to convert them into little foci of scientific instruction, and that they and their pupils have contrived to find or to make time enough to carry out this object with a very considerable degree of efficiency. That efficiency will, I doubt not, be very much increased as the system becomes known and perfected, even with the very limited leisure left to masters and teachers on week-days. And this leads me to ask, Why should scientific teaching be limited to week-days?

Ecclesiastically minded persons are in the habit of calling things they do not like by very hard names, and I should not wonder if they brand the proposition I am about to make as blasphemous and worse. But, not minding this, I venture to ask, Would there really be any thing wrong in using part of Sunday for the purpose of instructing those who have no other leisure, in a knowledge of the phenomena of nature, and of man's relation to nature?

I should like to see a scientific Sunday-school in every parish, not for the purpose of superseding any existing means of teaching the people the things that are for their good, but side by side with them. I cannot but think there is room for all of us to work in helping to bridge over the great abyss of ignorance which lies at our feet.

And if any of the ecclesiastical persons to whom I have referred, object that they find it derogatory to the honor of the God whom they worship to awaken the minds of the young to the infinite wonder and majesty of the works which they proclaim His, and to teach them

those laws which must need be His laws, and therefore, of all things needful for man to know, I can only recommend them to let blood and be put on low diet. There must be something very wrong going on in the instrument of logic if it turns out such conclusions from such premises.

MARBLER.

THAT famous old man, Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, in his great anxiety to have his son, Martinus, use only the very best of books, toys, and games, advised the employment of "some few modern playthings, such as might prove of use to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences."

He found, for example, that "marbles taught him percussion and the laws of motion; nutcrackers, the use of the lever; swinging on the ends of a board, the balance; bottle-screws, the vice; whirligigs, the axis and the peritrochia; birdcages, the pulley; and tops, the centrifugal motion."

Regarding the first use of marbles as a game, there is but little known; it is doubtless a long time since they were originally introduced to the youth's collection of sports, and I think they really proceeded from Egypt, that great country of mystery and mysteries, but have little on which to found the opinion; one fact, however, may perhaps give some clue.

In England, and in some places in the United States, a marble which is almost wholly used to knuckle with, and which is quite often an "alley," is called a "taw." It is thought these two words may have been derived from alabaster, thereby showing that the marbles, or globes, were originally made of that substance, and, as in Egypt, alabaster was manipulated so much, and for so long a series of years back, therefore, or accordingly, our little globes had their origin in the land of the Sphinx.

Brande, in his valuable volumes of "Popular Antiquities," says that "marbles had, no doubt, their origin in bowls, and received their name from the substance of which the bowls were formerly made;" but I think there is doubt of that, and for the reason given above.

He goes on to say: "Taw is the common name of this play in England."

He is in error, however, in this last statement, I feel confident, for a taw is "restricted to the marble employed to knuckle with," says a correspondent to the first series of the famous "Notes and Queries;" and, of my own knowledge, I can state that all the boys here of English descent who use the term (and I have known many) apply it according to the extract given from "Notes and Queries."

Marbles are made of either baked clay (which is most used), agate, or other stony substance, and are produced in immense quantities in Saxony for the United States, India, and China, they being the largest consumers of the toys.

At Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse is carefully turned to good paying account, by being made into the small balls employed by experts to knuckle with, and are mostly sent to the American market.

The substance used in Saxony is a hard, calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are then thrown by the one hundred or two hundred into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of concentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the same diametric size, is placed over the small stones, and partly resting upon them. This block or log is kept revolving while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned to spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are henceforth called "marbles." One establishment, containing only three of these rude mills, will turn out fully sixty thousand marbles in each week.

Agates are made into marbles at Oberstein by first chipping the pieces nearly round with a hammer handled by a skilled workman, and then wearing down the edges upon the surface of a large grindstone.

Although, as every one knows, agate is very hard, yet these little stones, so small as to be difficult to hold fast at one's fingers' ends, are managed with very great dexterity by the workmen, "who, in a few minutes, bring them into the shape of perfect spheres."

Some of the terms used in the game are very odd:

To be "mucked" is to have lost all one's marbles.

A "mivvie" is a marble.

A "bullock" is a cheat, and "to bullock" is to cheat at the game.

To "bell a mivvie" is to run away with it, but is hardly understood as denoting actual theft.

"Konno" is the penalty which the vanquished have to suffer, and consists in the victors shooting at his closed knuckles with his taw. The name is supposed to be derived from the sound produced by the striking of the marble against the closed hand, and caused by the hollow in the palm of the hand while it is in that position.

"Bunhole" is a diminutive form of the game of golf, but played with marbles.

"Fen-punchings" is used as a warning not to place the marble-hand any nearer to the object aimed at, than a designated line or spot.

"Knuckle-down" is employed to force the one about to shoot his marble to place his knuckles close to the ground, as otherwise the shooter has an unfair advantage.

I have given only a few of the commonest and a few of those least known, because quite a little dictionary might be formed of terms used in this game alone.

In Mr. Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory" marbles are mentioned in this manner:

"On yon gray stone that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet, now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring."

Henry Kirke White, in his famous poem, "Childhood" (which apparently was written when he was between fourteen and fifteen years old), says:

"What clamorous throngs, what happy groups were seen,
In various postures scattering o'er the green;
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race."

There is little doubt in my mind but that the game of billiards arose from marbles in the far past; but, happening to catch the eyes and thoughts of some intelligent loungers, it sprang into a science, and left its poor deserted ancestor to the kicks and cuffs of the youths of the land.

Febbles rounded by a storm,
Marbles from a far-off shore,
Polished globes of perfect form,
Roll before him on the floor.

Baby with his dimpled hand,
Joyous in the sunny sheen,
Rolls the marbles o'er the land
Of carpet, as upon the green.

HENRI TAINE'S ART-CRITICISM.*

By DR. T. M. COAN.

NATURE, art, criticism of art, this is the threefold order in which man studies the beauty of the external world. The amount and the intensity of the pleasure which he derives from contemplating this beauty, rank, according to those themes, in the order that I have named. The rose of dawn, the "Alpghthen," certain expressions of the human face, the splendor of cataracts, the gloom of forests, all have ineffable significances to fine and tender natures; they convey thoughts and emotions that, in Wordsworth's phrase, "often lie too deep for tears." No art can quite reproduce their effect, at once electric, pure, and penetrant; nor can criticism bring us face to face with the aspects of Nature. In the introduction to "Rome and Naples," Taine frankly admits that, "according to my own experience, the soul derives greater pleasure from natural objects than from works of art; nothing seems to it to equal mountains, forests, seas, and streams. It has always shown the same disposition in other things, in poetry as in music, in architecture as in painting. That which most deeply impresses us is the natural

* "The Ideal in Art," "Italy (Rome and Naples)." By Henri Taine. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1890.

spontaneous outflow of human forces, whatever these may be, and under whatever form they present themselves. Provided the artist is stirred by a profound and passionate sentiment, and desires only to express this completely, without hesitation, febleness, or reserve, the end is served; if sincere, and sufficiently master of his processes to translate accurately and completely his impressions, his work, whether ancient or modern, Gothic or classic, is beautiful. It is then also a brief abstract of public sentiment, of the dominant passion of the hour and of the country in which it was born; it is itself a *natural* work, the result of the mighty forces that guide or stimulate the conflict of human activities."

This profound observation is an effective statement of the function of criticism. The really interesting thing in art is not so much the mere literal correctness of its portraits as the fact that the portraits express the force, the sympathy, the sentiment at once of the artist and of the artist's era. The highest and most perfect expressions of art are never quite literal transcripts of a landscape, an attitude, a dialogue, a countenance. Art idealizes phenomena; it imparts to them the tints, colors, passions, of the human soul. "The aim of a work of art," says Taine ("Ideal in Art," p. 12), "is to make known some leading and important character more clearly than the object itself reveals it." Thus seen through the eyes of man, the interest of human sympathy, of fellowship, is at once superadded to that of the original theme. We tolerate the most trivial, the most ordinary objects in the representations of art, when we find them expressing interesting qualities in the artist himself—his technical skill, his sentiment, his devotion to an ideal, his sympathies, or even his efforts to give the mere truth of detail, as is often illustrated in the paintings of the realistic school. It is not the beauty of a sheep, of a haystack, of Paul Potter's famous bull, that attracts us to the canvas upon which these objects are represented; it is the fact that a fellow-man has painted the cattle and the haystack.

Taine's criticism is not technical. It is a beautiful, eloquent, and thoughtful study of human developments. He bases art-criticism upon science, and blends accurate thought with poetic feeling. One contrasts him constantly, in reading these delightful volumes, with the equally delightful yet widely different criticism of Ruskin. Ruskin is the most glowing and ardent nature that ever entered into the championship of art. He coruscates, he sparkles, he is an incandescent jet of energy, enthusiasm, conviction; more than this, he abounds in definite knowledge; he has earned a certain right to be dogmatic. No critic of art has ever given such devoted study, or a more laborious enthusiasm, to the subjects upon which he has written so eloquently. His studies have been wider than Taine's; he has never confined himself to the examination of works of art, but has constantly appealed to Nature herself. Few painters have ever studied the fields, the sky, rivers, mountains, the forests, geologic strata, the contours of landscape, the intricacies of reflections and mirage, the mysteries of lights, shadows, distances, and aerial perspectives, so long and so zealously as John Ruskin. His knowledge of the artistic detail of external Nature is enormous, accurate, and wonderful; he has given more study to clouds and ripples than many men give to a profession. Yet, with all this fund of knowledge, Ruskin lacks the even frame of mind. One feels that his eloquent criticism is not quite impartial; that it is not many-sided; that it deals too frequently with the ecstasies of eulogy and of contempt. One records with hesitation any words of dispraise against this really great critic and ardent soul, whose voice has been by far the most fresh, sincere, and vital of any utterance in art that English literature has ever made. Yet his power is so great, his merits so numerous, that we can forgive him certain deficiencies which spring from a temperament too passionate, medieval in its tendencies, superstitiously religious, antagonistic to the scientific spirit. Ruskin is a born aristocrat, an imperialist, a religionist; but we have no right to complain of him, since

he represents so ardently and truly the truth that there is in these phases of human tendency; and it is too much to expect that any but the most grand and *integral* nature should be able to justly hold and state each of the opposite truths concerning questions so great as these. Ruskin gives *one side* of all the great questions; and he expresses it so well, that we will not blame him for failing to tell us the other.

Taine, on the other hand, brings a deliberate, broad, and generous method into criticism. He seems to have been born as the complement and counterpart of Ruskin. If Ruskin's genius is sometimes cometary and eccentric, Taine is a serene planet that pursues a definite line of beauty through the ether. Taine finds art to be a definite illustration of human progress. With him it is an expression of the same forces that have caused the development of philosophies, civilizations, and religions. Taine's criticism of Greek and Roman art is one of the most interesting estimates of Greek and Roman character that exists in literature. The human animal, as he existed two thousand years ago, with his love of the physical, his body not yet tyrannized over by the brain, many of his finer sentiments as yet unrecognizable, merely germinating seeds—so great is the difference between the human nature of to-day and the human nature of the past—all this is described with a picturesqueness and a power that makes the "Rome and Naples" as valuable for its historical interest as for its critical estimates. The contrasted spirits of the antique and of the mediæval and of the modern worlds—this is the fitting title for Taine's "Italy." It is one of the most interesting studies in history and in art that the French mind has produced.

The "Ideal in Art" should be read after "Italy." It discusses the sources of greatness in art, referring them to a triple cause: first, the importance of the character described in the work of art, as more or less enduring and deeply related to humanity; second, the degree of intrinsic beauty, value, and beneficence of the character; and, third, the treatment of the character in style, action, and, in what the author calls, the "converging degree of effects," or artistic unity of the whole. No book more thoughtful and valuable has appeared for many years upon the philosophy of art. Taine's critics accuse him of dogmatism, of too much definiteness and sharp outline in his thoughts—as if a haze were the proper atmosphere for criticism. They write, however, from the point of view of the old unsystematic and romantic criticism, of the sentimental enthusiasm, and the "melancholy *utinam*." The merit of Taine is that he has based criticism upon science. Unlike nearly all other Frenchmen, Taine is a thorough student of English and German thought, especially of Herbert Spencer's; and the traces of that great mind are evident in his writings, which are a new proof of the tendency of all thought toward *unification*. The art-critic will hardly venture to write in future merely from the data of the picture-gallery. He will see in art but a single jet of that complex and ever-pulsating force which we call Life and Nature, and which it is the never-ceasing effort of science to understand.

I have omitted to speak of the *beauty* of Taine's writings. One opens at random upon countless passages as exquisite as this:

"At length you reach the Basilica of Constantine and its huge arcades, with their head-dress of pendant vines. The eye follows their majestic sweep, and then, suddenly, between the openings above, rests on the pale blue, the peculiar azure of night, like a panel of crystal encrusted with sparks. Advancing a few steps, the divine cupola of the sky, the serene, transparent ether, with its myriads of flashing brilliants, discloses itself above the lonely Forum. You pass by the side of prostrate columns, their monstrous shafts apparently magnified. Leaning against one of these, you contemplate the Colosseum. The side-wall, still remaining entire, rises black and colossal, at a single bound; it seems to incline over, to be about to fall. The moonlight, so bright on the ruined portion, allows you to dis-

tinguish the reddish hue of the stones. The roundness of the amphitheatre grows upon you; it seems a sort of complete and formidable being. In this wonderful stillness it might be said to exist alone—that man, plants, and all this fleeting world, are but a show. I have often experienced the same sensation among mountains. They also seem to be the veritable inhabitants of the earth; in their company the human hive is forgotten, and under the sky, which is their tent, one imagines himself listening to the speechless communion of the old monsters, the world's immutable possessors and eternal rulers."

Of the two works I have named, the translations, by J. Durand, are excellent. Lovers of thoughtful art-criticism will welcome these works, which are the most interesting volumes of the sort that have appeared since "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice."

THE TRENTON EDUCATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

"ON all great subjects," says Mr. Mill, "much yet remains to be said;" and perhaps there is no subject upon which so much still waits for utterance as that of education. Although it is the oldest of all the topics of human thought, it is still the freshest and the richest. Twenty-five centuries of discussion, so far from exhausting it, have but fairly introduced us to its real significance, and, in the depth, range, vital moment, and broad applicability of its inquiries, the subject opens before us to-day with all the attractiveness of novelty. This, indeed, is the one common and permanent question of humanity, which remains the same under all guises of nationality, race, or civil evolution. Governments may pass away, religions may change, legislative policies may rise and decline, social institutions may fluctuate, but amidst all these mutations, the question of the development of the human being remains central and constant—the one unchanging problem which is forced anew on every generation is, the training of its rising successor. The problem remains the same, but, as its solution depends upon knowledge, and as this is constantly advancing, each age encounters it with a better preparation, and in the light of a larger experience.

But, if much yet remains to be said on the subject of education, the provision is ample for securing the end. That tendency to organization, for the comparison of views and the promotion of ideas, which is so strong in this country, is conspicuously manifested among those who consecrate themselves to the educational profession, in the formation of state and national associations, devoted to the various departments of the subject. Three conventions, The National Superintendents' Association, The American Normal School Association, and The National Teachers' Association, will assemble at Trenton, New Jersey, on Monday, the 16th of August, and occupy the week with their deliberations. It is expected that the occasion will call together the leading educators of the country, and the programme announces that the most important topics in the whole educational field will come under consideration. That we are at present in a state of profound transition in reference to this great subject, no observing person can doubt. That which may be regarded as settled bears but a very small comparison to that which is still undetermined. In glancing over the prospectus of proceedings for these conventions, we observe that the fundamental questions are still open, and further light upon them is demanded. The relations of the State, both to the higher education and to primary schools, the extent to which instruction should be free, the religious bearings of the subject, the relations of culture to labor, the mental care and development of the colored race, and numerous practical inquiries respecting the best methods of teaching,—these are all to become matters of public and searching discussion.

Such is the scope of the work that is still before the educa-

tional profession. While there has been great progress in the art of teaching, in methods of imparting knowledge, and in school facilities, and a clearer recognition of the importance and dignity of the tutorial vocation, there is still much to be done before the profession can be established upon a basis of clearly established and universally recognized principles. No agency works toward this end so effectually as these concourses of thinking and practical men and women, who bring the results of their experience into comparison, disclose deficiencies, register progress, and indicate the directions of future improvement.

The marked tendency of education in our time, as of all other modes of human activity, is, that it is becoming less and less a mere empirical art, and more and more a rational science. It is becoming increasingly evident, and is now widely admitted, that the teacher has to do with the laws of phenomena just as much as the metallurgist or the farmer. All science has two elements—the observation of facts, and the reasoning upon facts. The observation of facts is eminently a personal or individual matter. The observer may do this work alone, and it is only required that he shall do it accurately, faithfully, and conscientiously. But, how to interpret the facts, and educe principles from them, is more a matter of the joint action of many minds. To generalize requires the marshalling of various data which are to be reduced to unity and brought under a common explanation.

Now, the school-room is the place where the foundations of educational science are laid in the personal observation of the teacher. Sir John Herschel discriminated between passive observation and active observation, or experiment; but the classroom is the field for both. The teacher not only notes what is before him, but he participates in it; he directs it, he works to ends—in truth, he is constantly arranging the conditions of experiments, is constantly performing experiments in the development of mind and character, and has before him perpetually the results of his operations. But, to arrive at general principles, these results must be compared, qualified, and interpreted by other observations and other results. Hence the importance and indispensableness of these gatherings of educators for the mental elaboration of the materials of experience which it is the duty of each to contribute. Such conventions are, therefore, essential instrumentalities in the progress of the profession, and they should be attended by all interested in the subject.

We say designedly, *by all interested in the subject*, and we mean to state that these concourses have a far stronger claim upon the attention of other classes than has yet been allowed. For, as we have said before, this is a subject that concerns all alike. Its claim to consideration is coextensive with parenthood, and as broad as the interests and destiny of society which it immediately involves. All the cultivated classes of the community should hence be represented in these teachers' assemblies, both to contribute to their deliberations and to lend the sanction and encouragement of their presence to this important means of educational improvement. There is one profession, especially, which should cooperate in this relation with the work of educational development more fully and earnestly than it has hitherto done, and that is the medical profession. The physician is the only regular student of the science of human nature, and his special studies have a vital bearing on the teacher's work. The old notion, that the teacher is required to understand only a few branches of study, is exploded; and the equally-erroneous notion, that, if he goes still further, he only requires to understand something about mental philosophy, is also exploded. The work of education is nothing less than the building up of character by the cultivation and training of the pupil's whole nature—physical, emotional, and intellectual. In all that pertains to this, the intelligent physician is naturally more at home than any one else, and is, therefore, qualified to take an influential part in educational discussions.

We are glad to recognize the growing appreciation of the work of these associations by the public, and the liberal hospitality extended to them by the citizens where such gatherings take place. The arrangements at Trenton for the entertainment and convenience of strangers are very complete, and give promise that the reunion will be pleasant as well as profitable.

TABLE-TALK.

WE publish this week an abstract of Professor Huxley's recent able address on Scientific Education, accompanied by a spirited and excellent likeness of this Eminent Naturalist. Professor Huxley was born about the year 1820. The cyclopedias and the magazines, which have fixed his birth at the beginning of the century, have evidently *inferred* his age from the amount of work he has done; but this is an unsafe proceeding; Professor Huxley is still in the prime of manhood, and has a great deal of vigorous work in him yet. After graduating in medicine, he devoted his life to the study of natural history, and succeeded Dr. Edward Forbes in the chair of Paleontology in the Government School of Mines. He has been Hunterian professor of anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons, and also Fullerian professor of physiology in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Professor Huxley's position in the world of science is that of a philosophical biologist, and as such he ranks among the very first in England or in the world. He is a man of wide culture and enlarged sympathies. He has a keen enjoyment of literary excellence, and "keeps up" with poetry, fiction, and criticism, notwithstanding his indefatigable scientific investigations. Although an independent thinker, Professor Huxley is thoroughly imbued with the cautious inductive spirit of modern research. As a controversialist, he has the reputation of being pugnacious, if not acrimonious, and the current notion has this foundation; that he is a man of high and strong feelings, and the appearance of any thing like meanness or duplicity, among those whose professed aim is the pursuit of truth, stirs him to indignant utterance. We have said that Professor Huxley is a man of enlarged sympathies, and, in this respect, he contrasts markedly with many scientific men who are swallowed up in their specialities, and never give a thought to any thing beyond them. He has been long and earnestly devoted, as the public is quite aware, to the subject of general education and its scientific improvement, and has a high reputation as a popular teacher. The School of Mines, with which he is connected, besides its elaborate course of lectures to students, provides also special courses of evening-lectures for working-men. Those delivered by Professor Huxley to these audiences are models of what such discourses should be—clear, simple, and attractive, yet carefully accurate and strictly scientific. They are attended by crowds of intelligent working-men. As a public speaker, Mr. Huxley is quiet, deliberate, fluent, and we might almost say colloquial. To these traits it may be added that, socially, he is genial, racy, and brilliant. It is very well known that Professor Huxley is a leading exponent of the views of Mr. Darwin. An incident relating to his early championship of these doctrines, though often related, is characteristic, and will bear repeating. Just after the "Origin of Species" was first published, the subject came up at the Oxford meeting of the British Association, in which Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, participated. The bishop is a man of elegant, oleaginous manners, who has acquired the sobriquet of "Soapy Sam," which he wears very good-naturedly. A lady once asked him how he came by this curious title, to which he neatly replied that "it must be because I so often get into hot water, and always come out with clean hands." The bishop closed a sarcastic speech against the Darwinians, by turning to Professor Huxley, their leading representative, and blandly asking, in the presence of the large audience, "Is the learned gentleman really willing to have it go forth to the world that he believes himself to be descended from a monkey?" Professor Huxley rose and replied, in his quiet manner, "It seems to me that the learned bishop hardly appreciates our position and duty as men of science. We are not here to inquire what we would prefer, but what is true. The progress of science from the beginning has been a conflict with old prejudices. The true origin of man is not a question of likes or dislikes, to be settled by consulting the feelings, but it is a question of evidence, to be settled by strict scientific investigation. But, as the learned bishop is curious to know my state of feeling upon the sub-

ject, I have no hesitation in saying that, were it a matter of choice with me (which clearly it is not) whether I should be descended from a respectable monkey, or from a bishop of the English Church who can put his brains to no better use than to ridicule science and misrepresent its cultivators, *I would certainly choose the monkey!*" The storm of applause which followed showed that the hit was appreciated, and Huxley was afterward known as "the man who had extinguished 'Soapy Sam.'"

— The Rev. William R. Alger has enforced the lesson of the Peace Jubilee in an eloquent and earnest discourse at Music Hall, Boston. His observations on the philosophy of recreation are fresh and truthful. He says: "An important lesson is to be learned by observing the unthinking manner in which most of the crowd spend their holiday in the pursuit of idle amusement, without the least attempt to improve the opportunity for gaining any permanent profit. The more unreflective, plodding, and stolid any one's manner of life is, the greater is his need of breaking up its stagnation by change and surprise, something to startle and move him. But the greater the intrinsic variety, freshness, and interest of our daily avocation, so much the less need we have of an alternative. Is not the instruction obvious? The dull level of every laborious life ought to be relieved with a rich embossment of beauty, liberty, and progress. We ought to lessen our occasion for external change and spasmodic amusement, by putting more satisfaction and dignity into our daily task and hope, lending more ideal interest and freedom to our ordinary work. Some element of recreating inspiration and delight, mixed with the business of every hour, is the desideratum, not days of dissipation thrust into months of drudgery. Not one excess balanced by an opposite excess, but a healthy harmony, is what we want. . . . The true end of life is perfection of life; to carry our experience to the greatest pitch of fineness, richness, and extension. For this, concentration and patience are necessary. We must have an aim, and devotedness to that aim. Instead of this, there is, in most cases, an utter absence of deep and pertinacious character; there is a scattering dissipation of mind, every indulgence of which leaves a man just where it finds him, or else weaker and lower. The days are wasted in the chase of empty amusement. Life thus becomes a poor whirl of fancy and frivolity; all eye and ear, no thought and will. Experience is made a routine, without advance; a repetition, without increment. When I see thousands on thousands of people drifting hither and thither at the beck of every odd invitation, and reflect how few of them will ever lift themselves out of mediocrity, and achieve any thing noteworthy, either within or without, I see plainly what is wanted. It is less subjection to fickle impulses and chance lures, more sensibility to great prizes, with a girded resolution to toil heroically for them in that solitude of the soul where the Father of spirits seeth in secret without mistake, and rewardeth openly without fail. So much for the mere holiday." Mr. Alger describes very graphically the effects upon the feelings of contemplating a vast multitude of human beings, and the profound emotional reaction called forth by the presence of a noble personality: "There is something ennobling in the contemplation of a vast assemblage of men. The sight strikes the deep elemental chords of our being. It gives us more than one of those mental touches of nature which make the whole world kin. It ravishes the individual out of his egotistic self, and baptizes him in the universal principles and interests of his kind. He loses what is merely personal, local, and evanescent, and enters into the public, the sublime, and enduring. The grandeur of the spectacle stimulates imagination, and forces its suggestions expansively into the moral sentiments. You cannot profoundly impress and move a mighty crowd of men with any thing mean or petty. You cannot stir a strong passion in any individual there by an appeal to what is merely momentary, and personal to himself. But every suggestion of any thing universally human, any thing enduringly beautiful and good, vibrates back into the private soul from the collective sounding-board of the multitude with unprecedented intensity and volume. For example: it did one good the other day to sit amidst those congregated thousands when George Peabody came in, and to feel the surge of moral emotion, the thrill of reverence for exalted worth, that ran round the house as he passed. 'That,' we said to ourselves, 'is the royal merchant who has done more to keep love and peace between England and America—mother and child in the sacred family of the nations—than a hundred demagogues have done to interrupt and destroy them. That,' we felt, 'is the able and upright man whose living munificence, yet to be crowned

by the unparalleled benignity and magnificence of his closing bequests, has brought honor on his country, and will carry his name in undimmed lustre to ages far remote in the future.' To join in the spontaneous tribute to this patriotic and cosmopolitan philanthropist was a high, purifying luxury of the heart, in full unison with the character of the occasion."

— The unusual number of attractive resorts, suitable for brief summer excursions, that lie close around the city of New York, has been frequently commented upon, but even our own citizens become forgetful of these advantages without a little reiteration. Probably no city in the world is surrounded by such noble water-courses. The North and East Rivers, the upper and lower bays, the Sound, and Newark Bay and Kills, make up an expanse of wide inland seas that are unparalleled for beauty, variety, and extent. It is somewhat singular, in view of these notable features, that yachting is not a more favorite recreation. Within twenty years it has gained greatly in favor, but it has not the hold upon popular appreciation one would expect, in observing the splendid field afforded for its exercise. These numerous waters are the means, however, of opening to us many sea-side and inland resorts, and every year this fact is more generally recognized. Three of the finest beaches on this continent—Long Branch, Coney Island, and Rockaway—lie each within a two-hours' reach, and hence a day on the shore, with a good lusty tumble in the surf, is always conveniently practicable. Numerous vessels sail daily along the shores of Long-Island Sound, rendering its wooded promontories, its picturesque villages, its beautiful bays, accessible to the excursionist. Other vessels ascend the Hudson, so that one may picnic upon the old walls of Fort Putnam in the Highlands—the most picturesque place for a picnic conceivable—or visit the West-Point encampments, or clamber up old Cro' Nest, or take a look at the great iron foundry, which Weir studied for his famous "Forging the Shaft," or wander around Peekskill Bay, or visit the vineyards at Croton Point, or make an incursion beyond Hook Mountain to Rockland Lake, or take a look at the prisons at Sing Sing, or ride over beyond this village to the Croton Water-works, or, if a nearer ground is desirable, land at Fort Lee, and, ascending to the top of the Palisades, get a superb view of the river, the city, and the bay. If one visits Rockaway or Fire Island, on the Long-Island shore, he may troll for blue-fish; if he ascends the East River, he may cast his line for sea-bass amid the little islands that cluster around the opening of the Sound. A trip to Red Bank, on the Jersey shore, will also give fine facilities for fishing; and so will several points on Staten Island. There are steamers also that go down daily to the fishing grounds in the lower bay. Then one may run up the Erie road to the Passaic Falls, at Paterson, or to the Ramapo; or, taking the Essex road, extend his journey to Green Pond, where there is fine piscatorial sport. In addition to all these, there are Harlem River, with its rugged, picturesque shores, and High Bridge and Weehawken Heights, and a trip down to Bayside, on Long Island, where clams may be eaten cooked in primitive Indian fashion, and a sail through the Staten-Island Kills—in fact, one may spend a summer visiting the environs of New York, and find his entertainments lacking neither in number nor variety.

— Matters pertaining to the stage seem now to be favorite subjects of discussion among the magazines. The *Atlantic* has analyzed the Hamlets of the stage; *Putnam's*, to which we have previously referred, has criticised the lack of Nature in theatrical art; *Lippincott's* discusses the comedian Jefferson, and, lastly, the *Galaxy* takes up the question of the burlesques. In the *Galaxy's* article the writer (Mr. Richard Grant White) commends the almost perfect manner in which the much-abused ladies at Niblo's speak English, noticing particularly Miss Lydia Thompson and Miss Pauline Markham. This just criticism recalls our own comments a few weeks since, in reference to the injustice which continually condemns the mannerisms of the stage, without perceiving those of other forms of public speech. That the stage manner is often bad, is admitted, but the comment of Mr. White in the *Galaxy* reminds us that the stage alone has ever given us specimens of beautifully-spoken English. If one has never heard English uttered excepting in society, in the pulpit, or on the platform, then he is utterly ignorant of what it can be made when delivered with the perfect art of an accomplished actor—or, let us rather say, actress—for what Mr. White designates as "vocal velvet" is perfectly attained by the feminine organ only. Those of our readers who remember Mrs. Charles Kean, not as she last appeared here, but when in her prime

twenty years ago, will recall the almost matchless pleasure with which they listened to her reading of many Shakespearian passages—a reading in which purity of enunciation, with exquisite management of tone, inflection, and emphasis, made up an effect which the human voice has never produced anywhere else than on the stage. There are sometimes, no doubt, good talkers in society, and there are women especially who have admirable utterance, but absolute artistic delivery, we venture to say, is almost unknown excepting among actors. How much both the matter and the manner of social discourse might be improved has been indicated in our columns by Mr. Eugene Benson in his article on "Fatal French." There is no greater charm, we think, than good English well spoken or well read; and it is certainly highly desirable that our seminaries should include this accomplishment in their curriculum. But, in order to make good readers, class-reading in schools must be abolished altogether. Pupils, by this method, get into very strained and inelegant habits; they learn all they should not learn, and attain a manner utterly foreign to the true art of reading, and which is very difficult to unlearn. What the true art of speech is, will have to be learned from the stage, notwithstanding the fashionable contempt for the theatre—for it is not understood, and has no examples elsewhere. The stage itself needs no little disciplining in this particular; it has bad traditions as well as good ones, and wrong methods more frequently than right ones; but, by the side of the best expression in dramatic art, the best expression in every other is poor and paltry enough.

— A few months ago, the most radical of reformers and the most hopeful of progressionists would have acknowledged the stability of our trousers. Men might come and men would go, but, if there was one well-settled confidence in the public mind, it was in the probable permanent duration of those casings of the lower limbs, sometimes called trousers and sometimes known as pantaloons. A belief in trousers was a conservatism that nobody attacked. There was no organization looking to the demolition or overthrow of trousers. Nobody had proposed any sort of change or reform in that direction. Trousers seemed about as safe as the Bank of England and as permanent as the national debt. They were essentially democratic, in rendering legs of all kinds and shapes equal before the law and on the promenade, and hence there existed no reasonable motive for a revolution. Gentlemen with big knees, with twisted calves, with thin calves, with no calves, went about calm, confident, and secure. They foresaw no danger, but, employing the best tailors, confidently believed that their infirmities were hidden forever from the gaze of man or woman. But, all at once, trousers are threatened, are attacked, are denounced, are even doomed. The onslaught has begun in England, and a set of ruthless destroyers have determined on revolutionizing this respectable article of apparel. We need not say that the revolt comes from the handsome-legged men, and is aided and abetted by certain radical young women, who admire grace and shapeliness in the beaux of the period. The design of this organization is actually to restore breeches and silk stockings for evening dress, and to introduce the style known as knickerbockers for ordinary wear. That the latter is very suitable for the display of a handsome calf must be admitted—but, alas! how few of us have handsome calves! The women's-rights women have more than once sneered at their would-be lords and masters for their deficiency in this peculiar mark of a high civilization, and possibly regretted the dress that prevented their own endowments from ever becoming known. That the calf is a stamp of race and civilization is no doubt true, the African, and, we believe, all inferior races, being remarkably deficient in this nether line of grace. Some one, we recollect, once attempted to prove that the calf always distinguished the patrician from the plebeian, and traced the difference to the fact that, while the former always rode, the latter walked. These things being true, it is no wonder that certain well-made coxcombs should desire to show their points in public. The grief of an Adonia, compelled to hide his shapely limbs in baggy and ungraceful trousers for all his life, is certainly painful to contemplate—so let us welcome the knickerbockers, and console ourselves with the thought that art has power to step in and ameliorate our misfortunes. We can pad.

— The public can scarcely keep pace with the liberal gifts of Mr. George Peabody to various institutions. The recent additions of something over a million of money to the Southern Educational Fund is as gratifying as it is surprising, and gratifying especially in view of the admitted success of the scheme. Our extended account, pub-

lished in the two preceding numbers of the JOURNAL, of Mr. Peabody's munificent appropriations in behalf of the industrious poor of London, has been read, no doubt, with interest. We had intended to print in the present number a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Peabody, but it has been forced over to our next issue. The history of donations like those of Mr. Peabody is of interest, especially at the moment when Mr. Stewart and other capitalists are considering suitable means for employing their surplus capital to the advantage of the public. Mr. Peabody, we regret to learn, has not been in good health since his return to this country, and that the sea air at Newport, whither he went for recuperation, had proved unfavorable to his condition. Mr. Peabody is now at his native town, Danvers, Massachusetts, where, it may be earnestly hoped, he will recover his tone of health. On the 16th of July, the Peabody Institute, at that place, was formally dedicated, Robert C. Winthrop making the address on the occasion, and Oliver Wendell Holmes reading the following

VERSES:

Bankrupt—our pockets inside out!
Empty of words to speak his praises!
Worcester and Webster up the spout!
Dead broke of laudatory phrases!
But why with flowery speeches tease,
With vain superlatives distress him?
Has language better words than these—
THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD BLESS HIM.

A simple prayer—but words more sweet
By human lips were never uttered,
Since Adam left the country seat
Where angel wings around him flattered.
The old look on with tear-dimmed eyes,
The children cluster to caress him,
And every voice unbidden cries,
THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD BLESS HIM.

—It has become a world-wide custom to designate literary men, and especially reporters for the daily press, as "Bohemians," and to represent them as dissipated, uncouth, reckless wights, improvident to the last degree, and as deficient in the polish of society as they are proficient in drinking, smoking, and literary vagabondage. Miss Kate Field, however, has boldly come out in their defence, and paints them, in the most glowing colors, as pleasant companions and refined gentlemen. She saw them gathered together at the Boston Peace Jubilee in sufficient numbers to be regarded as a representative assembly of the profession, and under circumstances which were calculated to show their merits as well as their foibles in the most prominent light, and she takes a justifiable pride and pleasure in proclaiming her faith in and admiration for them. She says: "I have heard a great deal about the Bohemianism of the press—how its members look like Mexican bandits, and how they disregard every law, human and divine. If the two hundred or more gentlemen who have written themselves all to pieces, for the sake of peace, fairly represent their profession, then the press is an honor to the country. Better deportment, less confusion, more courtesy, I have never seen outside of a drawing-room."

—We observe with pleasure that articles in the JOURNAL are very widely copied in the newspapers of the country, which is certainly a proper thing to do, but we regret to see that, in many instances, the credit of their origin is not given. It is certainly gratifying to see the circulation of our articles increased by reprinting them, but there is no excuse for not acknowledging their origin. The papers thus appropriated are our property; we paid for them, and we give notice of our ownership by copyrighting every number of the JOURNAL. But, while cordially conceding the privilege of copying from our columns, we reprobate this practice of copying without acknowledgment. We sometimes take articles from foreign periodicals, but are careful to state their sources, and, the justice we accord to others, we demand also for ourselves.

Literary Notes.

IT is a curious coincidence that both the north and the south of Europe should simultaneously awaken from the literary lethargy of years, and that fresh, vigorous writers should contemporaneously take the field in Denmark and in Spain. Copenhagen, which, in the times of Thorwaldsen and Andersen was not only an art but a literary centre, has, since the late Prussian and German wars, again taken her ancient place, and tales, novels, and scientific works, bearing the imprint of her

publishing-houses, are appearing in rapid succession. Spain, once the focus of literary ability, has lain torpid since the commencement of the present century, but, with the great political revolution still in progress, seems to have shaken off her mental fetters, and will soon give to the world several valuable histories and other works as the forerunners of a harvest from the fertile soil which has so long lain fallow. The intellectual vivification of Spain is not confined to her writers, but is asserting itself among her public men. In the recent sessions of the Cortes great oratorical ability has been developed, and, in the person of Signor Castelar, has appeared a second Daniel Webster.

"Cipher," by Jane G. Austin, which made its first appearance in the *Galaxy*, has been issued by Sheldon & Co. in book form, with numerous illustrations. It is an American story, by an American, and as such should meet with a cordial welcome. The story, though barely within the limits of possibility, is one which is calculated to attract and retain the interest of the reader, and, though there is a decided tendency to exaggeration in elaborating the prominent traits of the principal characters, there is a certain coherence and fidelity even in this exaggeration. The story is merely a family history, in which, after generations of misunderstandings, crimes, and concealments, the various branches are finally united by the intermarriages of the descendants, the unveiling of all mysteries, and the forgiveness of all past sins, with the destruction of the records, by which they had been perpetuated, in a *cipher*, known only to the family. The plot, by which this development is secured, is ingenious, and the minor incidents are well worked into the main thread of the story.

Almost every novel-reader will recall the pleasure with which he perused Gustav Freytag's admirable pictures of German life called "Debit and Credit," and will be glad to learn that another novel, by the same author, entitled "The Lost Manuscript," has just been published by D. Appleton & Co. "The Lost Manuscript" exhibits a very remarkable freshness both in plot and characterization, and, while containing a good many graphic and dramatic pictures of German student-life, is by no means confined to this field. We know of nothing in recent fiction more charming than this romance; it is as clear, rippling, and fresh as a mountain-stream; it has, too, its attractive lights and shades; it now moves swiftly, now slowly; now foams over rocks, now glides smoothly, and its whole course is in a channel peculiarly its own. For the woods, the mountains, or the sea-side, for the quiet of the country or the *ennui* of the town, "The Lost Manuscript" is preëminently the book of the season.

While the contents of the books, which fill our libraries and enrich our publishers, are of the most vital importance, their binding is to many a subject of equal interest, and a showy cover will often sell an inferior work. This being the fact, the discovery or invention of a new material for binding is of great value, not only to dealers, but to purchasers. Messrs. Stevenson & Co., of London, have recently introduced an entirely new material, "Enamelled Ivory," which, *The Book-seller* states, "has the merit of novelty and cheapness." It is affixed to the outside in the same manner as real ivory, and can be made in imitation of tortoise-shell, malachite, and mother-of-pearl, the imitation being to the eye as good as the original, at a much lower cost.

The work of popularizing journalism in England is rapidly progressing, and the price of dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, is being constantly reduced. The last progressive step has been taken by the *Pull Mail Gazette* in reducing its price to one penny, not in the hope of propping falling fortunes, but because a rapidly increasing circulation warranted the reduction with a certainty of still making a handsome profit. No change, except in price, is to be made in this journal, the circulation of which, at the date of the change, was announced by the publisher as being four times what he had anticipated as its utmost limit.

Among recent English books of interest, is a work entitled "Lost amid the Fogs; or, Sketches of Life in Newfoundland," by Lieutenant-Colonel McCrea, of the English army. This book gives a number of graphic and highly readable pictures of a life with which very few of us are familiar, or probably in any way acquainted. The descriptions of manners in St. John's, of the seal and cod fishermen, of the frightful storms and long winters peculiar to the region, and of hunting sports on the island, are all related in a highly spirited manner, while the book contains no little valuable information in regard to a section of country of which very little has hitherto been written.

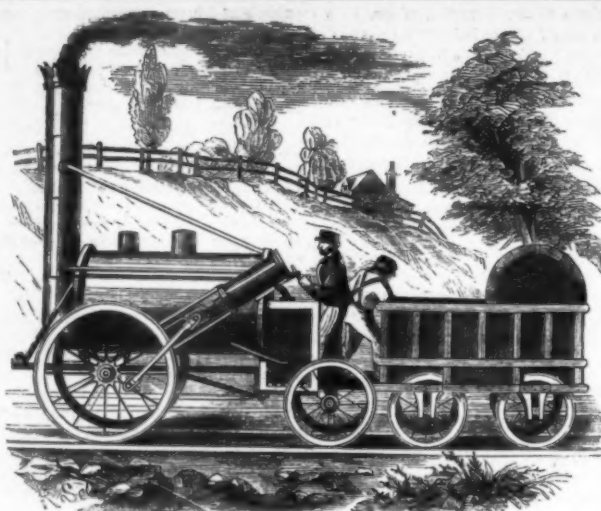
The Museum.

LAST week's Museum contained a description and picture of the earliest steam-carriages, tried exactly a hundred years ago. The success of railway locomotion, however, dates from the Liverpool experiments in October, 1825. The favorite plan for drawing trains was by

stationary engines, and it was proposed to divide the railway between Liverpool and Manchester into nineteen stages, of about a mile and a half each, with twenty-one engines, fixed at the different points, to work the trains forward. Not a single professional man of eminence could be found who preferred the locomotive over fixed-engine power. George Stephenson, however, strongly advocated the locomotive system, and it was at length decided to make a trial of it. A prize of twenty-five hundred dollars was offered for a locomotive, weighing no more than six tons, which would draw twenty tons ten miles an hour with fifty pounds per inch pressure of steam, and costing but two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. The project and the conditions were thought to be preposterous. An eminent gentleman of Liverpool, afterward inspector of steam-packets, said that only a parcel of charlatans would ever have issued such a set of conditions; that it had been proved to be impossible to make a locomotive engine go at ten miles an hour; but, if it ever was done, he would undertake to eat a stewed engine-wheel for his breakfast!

Four engines were entered for the trial. The favorite was Captain Ericsson's "Novelty," which was light and compact in appearance, and had this intelligible quality about it, that the air was forced through the fire by means of bellows. The successful engine was the "Rocket" of George Stephenson. At the first trial, it ran twelve miles in fifty-three minutes; at the final test, it drew its load at the rate of twenty-nine miles an hour, and, when running alone, it reached thirty-five miles an hour. Mr. Smiles says that "the entire performance excited the greatest astonishment among the assembled spectators; the directors felt confident that their enterprise was now on the eve of success; and George Stephenson rejoiced to think that, in spite of all false prophets and fickle counsellors, the locomotive system was now safe. When the Rocket, having performed all the conditions of the contest, arrived at the 'grand stand' at the close of the day's successful run, Mr. Cropper—one of the directors favorable to the fixed-engine system—lifted up his hands and exclaimed, 'Now has George Stephenson at last delivered himself!'"

The Rocket was at length replaced by heavier engines, and was sold in 1837, and used for four or five years to haul coals. There was, however, wonderful vitality in it, and on one occasion, when employed to transmit the results of an election, it ran upward of four miles in four minutes and a half. It is now in the Kensington Museum, of London.



Stephenson's "Rocket."—The First Successful Locomotive.

As far as my observations go, the phenomenon of phosphorescence is confined to the lower orders of vegetable life, to the fungi alone, and is not dependent on irritability. I have never seen luminous flowers or roots, nor do I know of any authenticated instance of such which may not be explained by the presence of mycelium or of animal life. In the animal kingdom, luminosity is confined, I believe, to the invertebrata, and is especially common among the radiata and mollusca; it is also frequent in the entomostrophic crustacea, and in various genera of most orders of insects. In all these, even in the scintillaria, I have invariably observed the light to be increased by irritation, in which respect the luminosity of animal life differs from vegetable life.—J. D. Hooker.

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